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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1956.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Tourist Industry

THE report of the working committee on tourism is a pretty convincing, as well as persuasive document. It leaves the reader, as apparently it has Government, with the conviction that the time is overdue when tourism, as a Hongkong industry, needs to be properly organised and publicised. Having decided that the creation of a Hongkong Tourist Association is wholly desirable, even necessary, the committee would have been forgiven if it had allowed its enthusiasm to influence its other recommendations. But in fact its proposals are both cautious and level-headed.

Sensible recognition is given of the need to advance slowly towards implementation of a constitution, and the view is expressed that "experience of its practical operation should be secured before it is given final shape." Effect is given to this premise by the proposal that for the first three years the controlling board of the Association should be wholly nominated by the Governor. This can be considered as sage advice, for it is inevitable that with an experimental institution of this kind, a period of trial and error should be experienced.

By the same token it seems wise that in the early stages of development, membership of the Association should be restricted to firms with a direct interest in the tourist industry, namely carriers, travel agencies and hotels, plus Chambers of Commerce. The burden is that a Tourist Association should be made a worthwhile institution, beneficial to the Colony, and it seems proper that responsibility for achieving this should initially repose in the hands of those most closely identified with tourism. Many will find it difficult to give the same emphatic endorsement of the committee's proposals for financing of the Tourist Association, though it must be admitted a fairly good case has been made out for substantial assistance from public funds. Tourism undoubtedly contributes in no small measure to the Colony's prosperous economy, and as the industry expands, so also will it bring additional benefits to Hongkong. Nevertheless Government's hesitancy in accepting the financing recommendations as they now stand is understandable and their modification may be deemed advisable.

CURFEW

LIMITED STAR FERRY SERVICES OPERATING

An indication that the situation in Kowloon was gradually becoming normal was given this morning when it was officially announced that the curfew had been lifted as from 10 o'clock for the Tsimshatsui area extending from the Star Ferry to Austin Road.

In that area residents can now move freely.

In all other areas where the curfew had been imposed, it will remain in operation for another 24 hours, the official announcement stated.

However, yesterday's zoning arrangements in which the curfew is temporarily lifted to enable people to do their shopping will continue today to be effective.

With the removal of the curfew from the Tsimshatsui district, a limited Star ferry service began at 10 a.m.

The Peak service, suspended yesterday, resumed at 7 o'clock this morning.

Suspects Taken To Camp

At about 4 o'clock this morning more than 300 riot suspects detained at Kowloon Police Headquarters were transferred to the Chatham Road Concentration Camp under heavy guard.

Shortly before sunrise large parties of troops and Police left Police Headquarters on mop-up operations. An Austin spotter plane continued to make observations from the air early this morning.

Brigadier L. N. Cholmeley, Commander Hongkong and Kowloon Garrison, who is in charge of Army operations, arrived at Police Headquarters at 9 a.m. to resume his day of work.

This morning, the Hon. C. B. Burgess, Acting Colonial Secretary, broadcast over the Radio Hongkong and Rediffusion, particularly to the people in Kowloon, assuring them of sufficient food supplies in Kowloon.

He asked the residents not to buy more food stocks, in particular rice, than they required for their normal day-to-day needs. Mr Burgess assured shopkeepers they would be able to replenish their stocks, and he asked them not to speculate. A China Mail reporter stationed in Tsimshatsui reported this morning that although

the curfew was not lifted until 10 a.m., there were many people in the streets before then. Large numbers gathered at the Star Ferry at 9 o'clock waiting for the service to be resumed. Many of them crossed the harbour by sampans or walled walls at the Kowloon Public Pier.

People began to get on to the street shortly after 9 a.m. and gathered around the street corners, "to enjoy their coming liberation," as some of them expressed it.

The Chinese restaurants in Tsimshatsui area, especially those near the Star Ferry, opened for business at 9 a.m. and did a roaring trade.

The Tsimshatsui Market had its usual Saturday atmosphere with customers roaming around. Fish was on sale but there was practically no meat.

Party Cancelled
The cocktail party aboard HMS Newcastle, arranged for this evening, has been cancelled.

STOP PRESS

6-MIN FERRY SERVICE

The first Star Ferry left the Kowloon pier at 10 a.m. with a full load of passengers. Since then, a regular service at six-minute intervals has been maintained.

Cheering Suez Canal News: Britain, France, Egypt Reach An Agreement

United Nations, Oct. 12. Foreign Ministers of Britain, France and Egypt have agreed on a set of six principles for future negotiations on the Suez Canal crisis, an authoritative source said today.

British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd, French Foreign Minister Christian Pineau and Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Fawzi went into another secret session this afternoon to draft an official form of the agreement. They were scheduled to put it before a closed session of the United Nations Security Council at 9 p.m. GMT.

It was not immediately learned whether nego-

tiations would continue on the Foreign Ministers level or be left to ambassadors of the three governments. Neither was it known whether Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld, who has sat in the six secret sessions of the three ministers, would continue to play a role.

The source said that the agreed principles generally followed the basic principles approved by the London conference.

It was not certain, however, whether the Anglo-French insistence on international-

isation of the Canal was included.

Generally, it was understood, negotiation toward a settlement would be based on the questions of freedom of navigation through the Canal for all nations, payment of tolls to Egypt and "insulation" of the waterway from the politics of any country.

The last principle was the one emphasised by Mr John Foster Dulles in expounding the American aim for achieving a "basis for negotiations" in the present UN Suez discussions. — United Press.

TAKES OFF IN HELICOPTER FROM HKCC GROUND

Rear-Admiral D. H. Harries, Flag Officer Commanding Her Majesty's Australian Fleet, boarded his flagship, the aircraft carrier Melbourne by helicopter which flew him from the Cricket Club ground shortly after 7 this morning.

The Admiral arrived here by air yesterday. The Australian aircraft carriers Melbourne and Sydney entered port this morning in the company of HMS Newcastle and HMSAS Quorant.

British Families To Return To Egypt

Cairo, Oct. 12.

Some 900 wives and children of Britons employed in the Suez Canal zone are to return to Egypt after 10 weeks "exile" in Britain because of the Suez crisis, it was learned in Cairo today.

A first contingent of families will arrive in the Egyptian capital by air on Monday next, to be followed eventually by the remainder of the 900.

Egyptian newspapers today described the mass return as an evident sign of relaxation in the Suez crisis.

The Egyptian Government, meanwhile, announced today that Egyptians will be able to resume or embark upon studies at British and French universities. The decision to remove a ban levied earlier during the Suez crisis followed the settlement of the question of transfer of funds to Egypt's cultural missions in France and Britain. — France-Press.

IKE'S ORDER

Washington, Oct. 12. President Eisenhower today ordered plans drafted for possible construction of a new oil tanker fleet in case of emergency arising from the Suez Canal crisis. — Reuter.

Girl Mauled By Bear & Lion

Peru, Indiana, Oct. 12.

Sharon Kay Wilson, 16, of Twelve Mile, Indiana, was reported recovering satisfactorily at Dukes Memorial Hospital from an attack by a large black bear and a young lion.

Sharon was thrown to the ground yesterday when the bear reached out of a cage and grabbed her pony tail at a small zoo operated by her grandfather, Jack Stuber, 10 miles northwest of here.

The bear clawed her face and bit off her left thumb before help arrived. When she was on the ground a lion reached out through the bars of another cage and clawed her legs. — United Press.

Tories Want Death Penalty Retained

Llandudno, Oct. 12. The Conservative Party at its annual conference here today overwhelmingly voted in favour of the retention of the death penalty for murder.

Its decision was in direct conflict with the verdict of the House of Commons which recently approved a bill supported by some Conservative members to abolish hanging.

A resolution endorsed by the conference after a noisy debate called for the death penalty to stay but asked that murder laws should be amended.

Earlier the 4,000 Conservative representatives at the conference heard a bright report of Britain's economy from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Harold Macmillan. He told them: "After the United States we are the richest country in the world."

"There is nothing to be downhearted about so long as we are sensible. We are more prosperous than ever in our history." — Reuter.

British Request

United Nations, Oct. 12. Britain today asked the United Nations to discuss the support which it said Greece has given to Cyprus terrorists. The British delegation requested that the question be placed on the agenda of the General Assembly session which meets here next month. — France-Press.

TATIANA AND HER FATHER TAKEN OFF SOVIET SHIP

London, Oct. 12.

American-born Tatiana Chwostov, two and a half years old, and her father, Alexis Chwostov, who had embarked aboard the Soviet vessel Vyacheslav Molotov on the last lap of their trip to the Soviet Union from the United States, disembarked just before the vessel was due to sail from the port of London tonight.

Chwostov, who had originally been a Russian refugee, had crossed the Atlantic aboard the Queen Mary. He took his daughter with him despite protest by his ex-wife, which had resulted in a search of the Cunard liner in New York by the American Immigration authorities.

A semi-official American source declared that Tatiana was taken off the Soviet Union-bound ship because of legal intervention by her American mother, handed by a British lawyer.

Chwostov and daughter disembarked from the Vyacheslav Molotov some 20 minutes before the vessel was due to sail for Leningrad. He was accompanied by several British Immigration officials. The whole party climbed into a Soviet diplomatic corps automobile and drove off.

It was learned later that the Soviet Embassy had requested Chwostov and his daughter, Tatiana, to leave the Russian ship.

The Soviet Charge d'Affaires in London, Alexis Roshchin, was received at the Foreign Office earlier today and had the legal situation explained to him.

He was told that a British lawyer, acting on instructions from Tatiana's mother, had asked a court to prevent Chwostov from leaving the country until the question of Tatiana's nationality was settled. British law obliged the court under the circumstances to make the child its ward.

Escape In Their Underpants

Ipswich, Oct. 12. A gang of five terrorists escaped in their underpants a few minutes before a security force patrol charged into their camp today Army reports said.

The patrol from the Third Battalion Malay Regiment surprised the terrorists at their lunch. — Reuter.

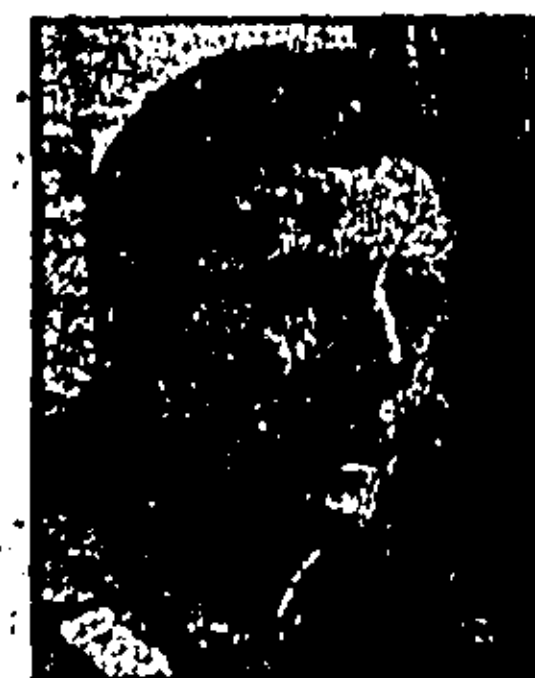
The Soviet Charge d'Affaires subsequently requested Chwostov not to take Tatiana away from Britain for the time being.

The Vyacheslav Molotov left London late today for Leningrad with Soviet woman discusser, Nina Ponomareva aboard.

The Russian champion was convicted of the theft of five hats from a London department store, but was discharged on payment of court costs. — France-Press.

PETER TOWNSEND

writes for
the China Mail



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personal
story of
the year
that everyone
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"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 12.20 P.M.

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"WEDDING PARTY"
BETTE DAVIS
ERNEST BORGNINE
DEBBIE REYNOLDS
BARRY FITZGERALD

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

FIRST MATINEE HOOVER at 11.30 a.m.
LIBERTY at 12.00 noon

The "LONG LANE"

1st Chinese Picture to Win An International Award.

The Picture That's Themed on A Corrupt Chinese Saying.

"THE LONG LANE", which won the award for the best screenplay in the recent 3rd Annual Film Festival of Southeast Asia, will open in the Hoover and Liberty Theatres at the end of this month.

It will be shown with English sub-titles.

It is a high-tension drama themed on the age-old, but now

The Management,
The Asia Pictures Ltd.



FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

Wedding Party

Bette Davis has called herself a "transference artist" as opposed to those American screen players who rely for their popularity on looks or personality alone.

She has gone on to explain that a "transference artist" is one who can completely submerge her own character in that of the person she is playing. This allows a good example of the species an indefinite lifetime before the cameras. Instead of the fleeting few years possible to those who rely solely on appearance.

In "Wedding Party" she has certainly proved her point. There is no attempt made to hide under a vice-like corset her appalling figure—she has even allowed the harassed housewife-finesse of the role to extend to ill-fitting clothes and unflattering photography of her plump profile.

The picture is humorous, pathetic, lonely, and if you don't mind the absence of glamour, very likable.

It is an ordinary enough story. Ernest Borgnine and Bette Davis are an average couple living in New York's Bronx. He is a taxi driver who does her best to make his weekly wage stretch to cover the necessities of life. The daughter is a nice child who has, on her own, decided, rather than the father, to marry the very next Tuesday with no fuss, no frills and only the immediate family present.

So far so good. Disension in the family arises when daughter and boy friend decide that they don't want to wait any longer for the longest-for day, and will get married the very next Tuesday with no fuss, no frills and only the immediate family present.

Bette Davis's Picture

Father is pleased—less expensive mother is dubious, what will the neighbours say? and Uncle Jack Condon, looking like a mischievous leprechaun, comes naturally to Barry Fitzgerald, reaches for his pipe, and prepares for the storm. The neighbours, as confident in the standards of gossip the world over and mother is very soon digging her toes in. Daughter Debbie Reynolds is going to have a wedding she can look back on all her life, with champagne, flowers, an enormous wedding cake and a while satin photograph album.

This Week's Films In Pictures



Ernest Borgnine discusses the expenses attendant on getting a daughter married in "Wedding Party"

The battle is on and so does the tension, until the central couple—the bride and groom—are completely engulfed.

There's a simple solution that comes with the last reel and a basically nice bunch of people smile warmly at each other, evoking as warm a response from the audience.

In effect, this is not an important picture, dealing as it does with an isolated incident in the lives of members of a community who are used to dealing with each day's problems as they present themselves. But it does bring that excellent actress Bette Davis before us once again in yet another "different" role. It keeps Ernest Borgnine before the cameras when he might otherwise have faded away after his tremendous success as Marty.

Above all it introduces a more mature Debbie Reynolds. Gone is the pony-tail-swinging little ingénue and substituted is a young actress who is having a more mature readiness for a braver role.

Hitchcock Film

The Man Who Knew Too Much

In case the presence of Doris Day in this picture leads you to suppose, in spite of the title, that it is a musical, let me disabuse you of the idea at the outset.

It is in fact a re-make of Alfred Hitchcock's 1934 thriller of the same name. The original stars by the way were three bright ones in British pictures at that time—Leslie Banks, Edna Best and Nova Pilbeam—all three of whom have now vanished from the screen scene. However, as few people will be able to remember the earlier film, there is little point in comparing the present work with its predecessor.

As a thriller, "The Man Who Knew Too Much" accomplishes its purpose without being too obvious, except perhaps in its final scenes.

As the title suggests, it concerns an innocent bystander who by accidentally learning too much about the criminal intentions of a third party becomes virtually involved in activities of far-reaching consequences.

James Stewart is this man. He, his wife and young son are on holiday in Marrakesh as the story opens. As a change from his successful practice as a doctor they have come to do all the things that tourists usually do. This gives Alfred Hitchcock plenty of opportunity to place us aboard his magic carpet and although I have never been to Marrakesh, he seems to have hit the exact note that would strike any tourist.

Son Kidnapped

He exploits the contrast between the ancient and the modern, lingers on the ridiculous things visitors on holiday buy and ably convinces us that this is a place where death by knife of a Frenchman disguised as an Arab would be as normal to an Arab as it is shocking to an American accustomed to read of these things only in his Sunday newspaper.

Going to the help of the dying man, message delivered to him, that although superficially unintelligible, assumes important proportions when it is made clear to him by the kidnapping of his young son, that it is not the Dr. Bourne who is the authority either French, or later on in London, where he has gone on a slender clue, British.

Demis Price goes convincingly to seed as the dissolute partner of Carey, but the main attraction of "Port Afrique" is Pier Angeli.

Delightful

Josephine and Men

I recommend this to anyone with a sense of the ridiculous, admiration for Glynis Johns and a penchant for British comedy. It is a delightful film.

Uncle Charles is a debonair gentleman of independent means, eternally in flight from predatory females who think they are the answer to his celibate state. "Josephine and Men" is his story, as related to the barman of the Parasite's Club. The receiver of Jack Buchanan's confidences is Victor Maddern, one of the best of the up and coming character actors on the British screen.

Josephine's trouble is that she is a paradox. A deceptive mixture of innocence and guile, frailty and independence, she is, when we first meet her, engaged to wealthy, worldly Donald Sinden. Taken to visit his peniless author friend Peter Finch, Josephine's tender heart is immediately torn by his unceremonious appearance, the comical state of chaos in his rooms and his obvious need of her ministrations.

Not long afterwards there are hilarious scenes of wedding presents being returned, parents being soothed and a completely unruffled Josephine marrying Peter Finch.

We next see them in apparent domestic bliss in a neat, bright cottage, obviously well endowed with the world's goods and with the whole of their life revolving around the husband's successful career as a writer.

Even More Laughs

Enter again Donald Sinden, no longer the wealthy businessman. He is on the run from the Police who seem to think that his partner's defection is something to do with him. Josephine is sunk. Here again is a male in search of her pity, help and understanding. She is astonished when the coaxed Peter Finch doesn't see why the always's "Progress" the laughs should interfere with his now comfortable routine.

William Hartnell, another of my favourite character actors, sneaks around the cottage with Sinden, yard-like thoroughness and it looks as though Sinden is for good, with Peter Finch in turn losing his wife to the now more eligible criminal.

The talented Boulting Brothers made this film, and while being lighter in subject than their "Private's Progress" the laughs come more often.

Hitchcock seen only in roles which call for the pathetic, big eyed, walk-like approach to attracting the opposite sex, Miss Angeli now blossoms forth in a clinging, Spanish inspired gown and in her songs there is no hint of the kind of girl who needs protection from the wolves.

Phil Carey is the hero. Hardly man enough for the new seductive Pier Angeli, I would have felt, but hero he is, nevertheless. The warrior's homecoming from The War (he is an American Army pilot returning to his home and business in Morocco) is hardly gay. He finds his wife dead, his disillusioned partner neglecting the business and odd stories circulating about his wife's activities before her death.

Pier Angeli's piece in the jig-saw puzzle is an enigma to everyone except those who know that with only one love interest, it must work out before The End. Nice, round James Hayter is merely round in "Port Afrique". He makes a rather comic-strip villain and I prefer him in sympathetic parts.

Sunday Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.

Dean Martin
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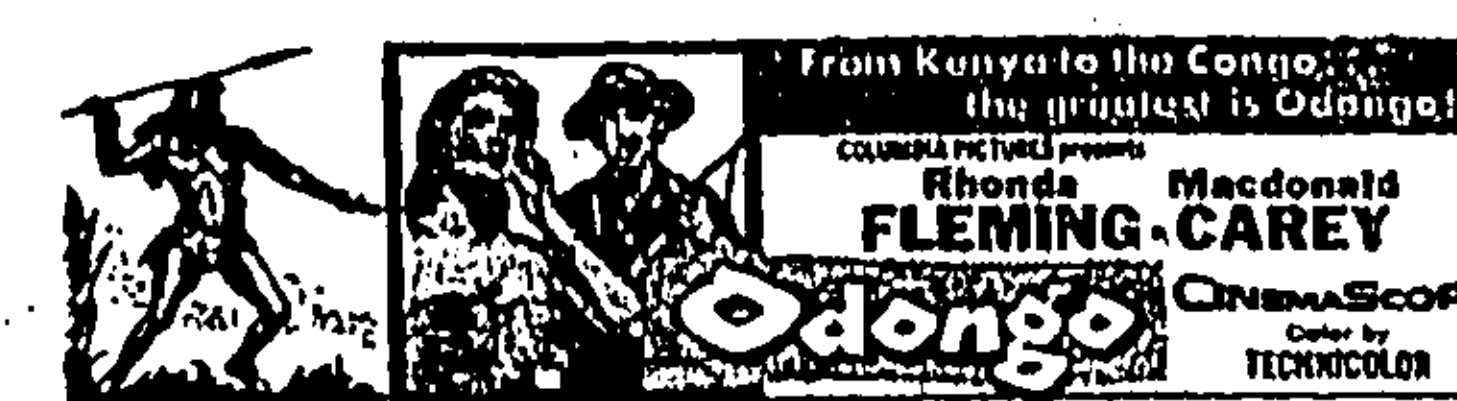
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Now—A Plan To Raise The Andrea Dorea

With A Gigantic String Of "Sausages"

Parma.

AN Italian engineer is perfecting a model of a salvage invention, which if ever built to full size, will look like a gigantic string of sausages.

He is Angelo Antonaci, a salvage expert who recently declared that his idea will refloat the Andrea Doria at comparatively little cost and a minimum of human risk.

From all over the world ideas for refloating the ill-fated liner have been sent to government officials in Rome and the owners of the Andrea Doria which sank on July 28 after a collision with the Swedish liner "Stockholm."

Nearly all of them to date have been rejected as either too costly or impracticable. But two or three have aroused interest and among them is the invention of the Parma engineer.

Close Secret

Antonaci first worked out his idea several years ago and in 1951 it was patented. He began to construct a working model a month ago immediately after the Italian Naval Engineer Inspector-General declared that any salvage idea carried out on a metal model of the sunken ship would get the widest possible attention.

Engineer Antonaci is financing the project himself and until he demonstrates its next month in the Po River he is keeping several details of the invention a close secret.

However, what the engineer has disclosed apparently has impressed experts on the feasibility of refloating the Andrea Doria from the bottom of the Atlantic off Montserrat Island at a cost of about 1,100,000 lire (£287,000).

The cost of constructing the invention would be 600,000 lire (£132,000). The remaining 500,000 lire (£115,000) would be spent on the actual operation.

Antonaci maintains that his idea is economical because his invention could be used to salvage other wrecks.

The first move in Antonaci's salvaging system is to mark the sunken ship with buoys completely encircling the ship in the position it rests on the ocean bed. Next a thick cable is laid down in a circle well beyond the buoys. The main cable

would be about 2,000 feet long. It is kept on the ocean surface by means of rafts. Alongside each raft in the water would be a partly inflated cylindrical balloon made of a thick, truckety rubber.

An Even Keel

The balloons would each measure about 60 feet long and 30 feet in diameter and would be attached independently to the main cable—in the case of the Andrea Doria—by 420 secondary steel cables, 20 to each of 22 balloons. The salvage apparatus now would look like a circle of gigantic sausages.

The next move would be a simultaneous release of the main cable from the rafts and it would vertically sink slowly to the seabed taking the balloons with it.

The partly inflated balloons would be suspended a few feet above the cable. Then the cable is slowly pulled in towards the wreck like a purse string.

If the sunken ship is lying on its side as the Andrea Doria then the balloons on this side would be fully inflated as soon as the main cable had slid under the bridge lifting the ship to an even keel.

A Lasso

Once this is done the main cable would be locked tightly to the hull like a lasso, with the balloons floating about level with the water-line. All the balloons would then be fully inflated and Antonaci's idea works, their combined lift of 32,000 tons about 3,000 tons more than the dead weight of the Andrea Doria is calculated to raise the ship against extra water weight and mud suction.

Tous far Italian authorities have made no decision on whether to try Antonaci's scheme on the lost Queen of Italy's trans-Atlantic fleet.

THE MAN WHO IS GOING TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT

New York.

It is now possible for a scientifically trained person to spot the man who is going to have an accident before he has it, according to an industrial physician who has made himself an "accident engineer."

The World Is Growing Bigger

New York.

A Hungarian scientist says the earth is neither shrinking nor staying the same.

According to the calculations of Dr. L. Egedy of the Geophysical Institute of Budapest, it is expanding.

Not at an enormous rate, which is well in view of his mathematical demonstration that the expanding has been going on for 500,000,000 years, or since the beginning of geological time.

The annual average of expansion, he calculated, is 0.01988 inches which is an extremely tiny amount.

But when you multiply that by 500,000,000 you get 8,200,000 feet or 1,553 miles.

His calculations were based upon this logic: If the earth had been shrinking, the average depths of its oceans would have been increasing. This would have meant an ever-higher sea level which would mean that the areas of the continents covered by water would have been ever-increasing.

Two Plots

But if the earth had been staying more or less the same size, water-covered areas of continents would have remained more or less the same through geological time. Nothing could be simpler.

As Dr. Egedy explained it: "We have only to establish the amount of the areas covered by sea water in different geological ages." So he assembled the accumulated measurements of the sciences of geology and geography which cover the various geological ages dating back 600,000,000 years.

He plotted these measurements mathematically—indeed, he made two plots, using two sets of measurements.

Both plots showed definite expansions of continents and definite decreases in water-covered areas.

One plot showed an average increase of 0.06 millimetres a year for 600,000,000 years, the other an average increase of 0.4 millimetres. Dr. Egedy averaged these at 0.5 millimetre or 0.01988 inch.

Dr. Egedy, reporting these calculations to the international scientific technical journal, "Nature," pointed out that geological observations have established quite clearly that the watery envelope of the earth has been increasing through geological time.

The increase has not been much, to be sure—only four per cent of the total volume in 600,000,000 years. But it was suggestive enough to rouse his scepticism toward the theory of a shrinking earth.—United Press.

Any kind of accident—such as falling out of bed, pushing fingers into fast-moving industrial machinery, or smashing up a car—can be anticipated, Dr. Morris Schulzinger of Cincinnati says he can spot this man in these ways:

Often this "pre-accident" man has a "preoccupied distant look." You see he is under emotional stress; you sense he is "laden with anxieties." You check into him and find out he does not require as much of himself, as he used to—his personal standards have fallen off.

Tense, Anxious

He does not have the enthusiasm or initiative of old; he may be tense, irritable, anxious, troubled, moody, depressed, excited, nervous, angry, worried, restless, fidgety, and he may display a complete lack of nervous poise.

A physician would treat this "pre-accident patient" because he is a menace to himself and others. A few of them, Dr. Schulzinger said, will have a specific psychological condition, or a complete lack of self-control through injury.

For them you call in a psychiatrist.

But many of them will be helped by having a scientifically trained outsider point out to them the road they are on and where that road leads.

"Even larger numbers of these patients should be able to treat themselves by learning to recognize a few elementary pre-accident symptoms," Dr. Schulzinger continued.

He thought physicians in general have passed up their opportunities to spot "pre-accident" people in the course of their every-day dealings with patients. By paying attention to these "signs" physicians will start playing their "proper roles in accident prevention."

Begin With Young

But accident prevention should begin with young children—they should be "immunized against accidents even as they are against infectious diseases." The ways that is done, according to Dr. Schulzinger, "are the teaching of safe practices by example and continued exposure to a peaceful, orderly, secure and loving home environment."

"Children often suffer accidents by mimicking the dangerous practices of their elders. Again in later life, some accidents resemble a conditioned-reflex type of response to a sequence of events first experienced in childhood. The home is the place where susceptibility to accidents are born and bred."

Dr. Schulzinger discussed the accident problem in the technical journal, "Industrial Medicine and Surgery."—United Press.

Feed The Birds

The pastor of the parish church here has asked wedding parties to throw rice, not confetti.

Church workers have to sweep up confetti, he pointed out. Birds will take care of the rice.

'BRING BEER'

A Fulham man who wanted to sell a 1933 car advertised: "Start heading about 240 bring your beer, this may take time."—United Press.

VICAR, 83, TOO OLD TO DRIVE

Castle Rising.

No more driving for me, vowed the Rev. Edward Montagu Plumptre. At 83 he has decided he is too old to motor.

With this self-imposed ban he turns his back on the little blue car that, for 22 years, has carried him round his Castle Rising, Norfolk, parish.

He took the step after two appearances in four weeks at the local police court for alleged careless driving. He was acquitted both times.

But the other day, at his Castle Rising home, the tall and grey-haired, weatherbeaten clergyman, once Rector of King's Lynn, said: "I have decided after these two accidents to give up driving."

So fast

"I am too old. I realise that I am past it. Traffic is much faster now than when I started on the road."

"I am very sorry indeed to part with my car—I only got £10 for it. But I know it is better this way."

"I was taken to court the first time because I bumped into a woman shopper, and the second because I ran over a little child. These accidents did not suffer any great harm."

Said Councillor Albert Bacon, local housing chairman: "Many local people will welcome Mr. Plumptre's decision. However careful he is, 83 is really too great an age for a man to be driving on our crowded roads."

LONGER PIGS

They Will Mean More Rashers

London.

PIGS are to be longer next year.

There is a difference of 14 in. between an average good pig and a full-length one.

That 14 in. means at least ten good-sized rashers of the best cut—the mid-back cut.

Farmers, bacon curers, and salesmen have been meeting over several months in a Whitehall back room to make plans for the new pig. It will mean better bacon produced at lower cost.

From March 25 farmers must send the longer pigs to bacon factories or loss money. A "length requirement" will be added to the grading schedule by which farmers are paid for quality.

The length has not yet been decided, but pig production is to become such a precision job that the farmers are to turn over to the engineers' method of measurement—the metric system.

Very soon every farmer sending pigs to the factory will receive with his cheque a note of the length of his pigs in millimetres.

Russians Have New Method Of Treating Burns

Boston.

A Russian researcher said today Soviet scientists have developed a radically new method of treating burn victims.

Dr. Nicolai Federov said the discovery utilizes "so-called convalescent blood" from recuperated burn victims.

He told delegates to the sixth Congress of the International Society of Hematology it is "common" in the Soviet Union to keep alive victims who have had more than 40 per cent of their skin area burned.

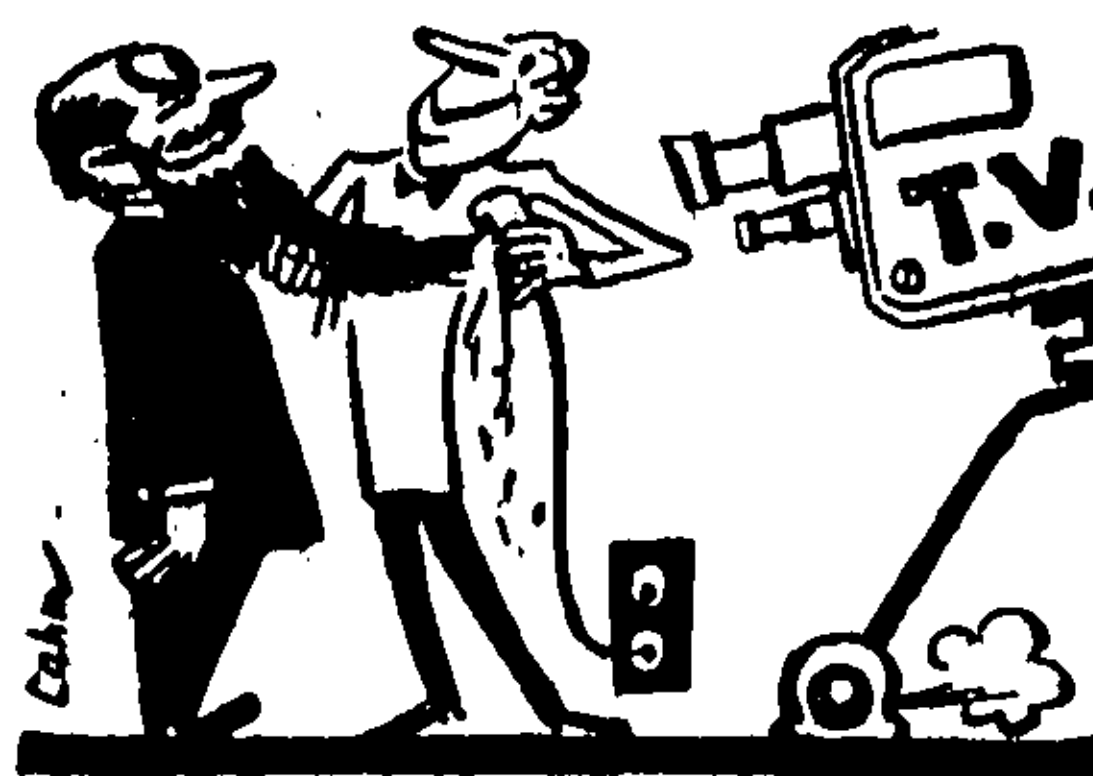
He said the method is used only to a limited extent in Soviet hospitals since the discovery is so new.

"From the blood of burn victims we make a dry powdered serum that is introduced into the blood stream of new burn victims," Federov said.

"We can't keep people alive whose body is 90 per cent burned only because there isn't enough skin that can be grafted with the animal's skin," he said. "But we can create shocks of toxicity in such people."

Dr. Federov was one of five top Russian blood researchers attending the Society meeting.—United Press.

Beard Of The Profit—TV Style



New York.

Bearded men are being offered \$5,000 an ounce to have their whiskers shorn on an American television programme.

The offer is being made by the manufacturer of a new electric shaver.

Conditions are that the bearded men must be more than 21, willing to have the beard shaved off during a commercial message on a TV programme and have a beard more than three months old.

The applicant must also submit by mail a sample strand of his beard, a close-up photograph of the full beard and details of his age and occupation.

Those selected will get an all-expense-paid trip to Hollywood and a two-day stay there, climaxed by the "shearing" and payment by the ounce.

These selected will get an all-expense-paid trip to Hollywood and a two-day stay there, climaxed by the "shearing" and payment by the ounce.

Critics of the current stars of the national sport say the youth of Spain is more interested in football than bullfighting and it is the tourist trade that helps fill the plazas, not the aficionados who must be the backbone of the sport.

A section of the national press charges that matadors, who make as much as £800 for two hours work, are fighting underweight bulls, drugged bulls, sandbagged bulls and bulls with blunted and shortened horns.

They allege the stars are ducking the Madrid plaza where standards are kept high and the bulls are always dangerous. Instead they go to the provinces and even there pretend

illness if it appears they won't be facing an easy bull.

"The number of plazas where the rules (as to size and weight of the bull and condition of his horns) are observed could be counted on the fingers of one hand," the influential newspaper ABC says.

Once it was the ambition of every bullfighter to appear in Madrid, lauded in the newspaper Hoja del Lunes.

"Today the reverse is the case. Bullfighters of standing flee from here like scared cats."

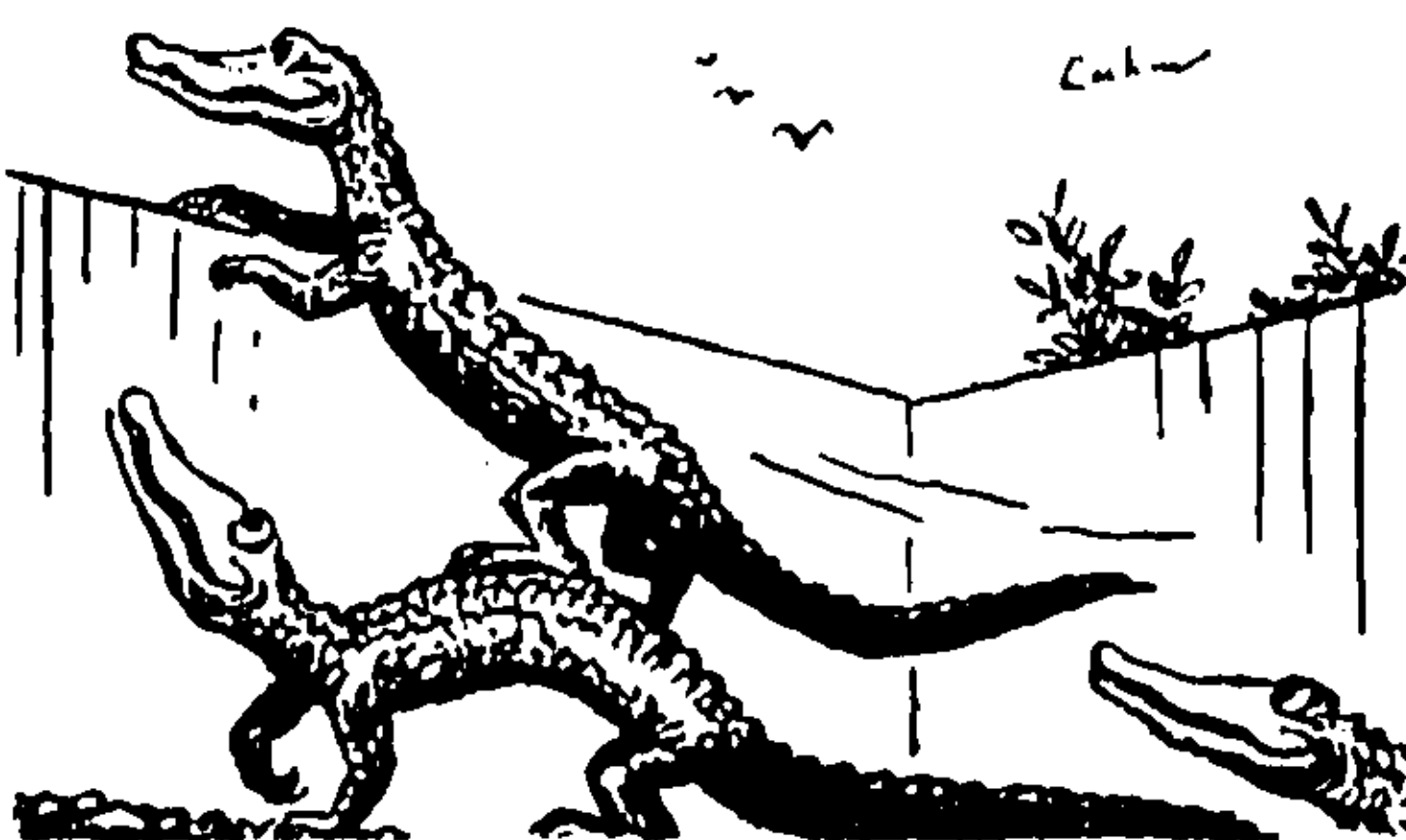
Other critics assert a powerful clique is turning the sport into a high-powered racket where quick returns are made with a minimum of risk.

The way to the top can still be studded with gores. The bullfighting hospital in Madrid averages 10 to 15 cases a week, but deaths are rare for wonder drugs prevent complications.

Bullfighters are heavy newspaper advertisers. They take whole pages to praise themselves, publish photos of their most graceful lunges and—if gores—proclaim their bravery at returning to the arena.

But now that the fans are becoming suspicious, the matadors are worried about a going where it would really hurt—the pocketbook. They are, as one Spanish has put it, on the horns of a dilemma.—United Press.

LOVE WON'T LURE ALFRED BACK HOME



New York.

Alfred the alligator was bored in his pool at an Oklahoma zoo.

So, when low water prompted his mates to congregate at one end, he used their backs as a ladder and stepped out over a fence.

He has not been seen since.

Tulsa Zoo has offered to send Alberta, a female alligator, to lure Alfred back, but Alfred would not be interested.

"It isn't the mating season," explained curator Bob Jenni.

Jenni is toying with the idea of staking out other alligators on the river bank in the hope of drawing Alfred ashore.

"Alligators are socially-conscious," he said.

"They like to get acquainted."

Jenni, who has wrestled alligators before, has been trying to get close enough to come to grips with Alfred.

Jet's Power—Not Enough For Miners

A coal pit pony whose own private "go-down" caused a human strike last week was now turned out to other less competitive work.

"Jet is physically perfect, but he is temperamental and has a very nervous head—sore-shooter."

Bill Patterson, of the Crofton Mill Colliery confessed.

As a result, the six-year-old pony will no longer haul coal.

The pit ponies, driven by the pit ponies, struck last week because of Jet. They said, he was losing them money since they are paid by the number

of tubs of coal they haul to the pit shaft.

Nine hundred other miners struck in sympathy, and thousands of tons of coal were lost before Jet was put "on a job where speed does not matter."

The men went back to work now.—United Press.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



GLAMOROUS British film star Diana Dors is giving up Hollywood, where she planned to settle for at least a year, just four months after going there. Diana said: "I'm homesick." Her husband, Dennis Hamilton, who returned to England earlier, is seen in the bedroom of their London flat talking by phone to Diana in Hollywood. (Express)



NEVILLE DUKE, 33-year-old ace test pilot of high-speed jets, took to the air again a few days ago and burst through the sound barrier on his first flight since being grounded four months ago with a slipped disc. He flew in a plaster jacket from chest to hips. (Express)



NINETEEN lovely girls, from 19 countries, rehearsing at the Lyceum Ballroom, London, for their appearance in the "Miss World" contest, the final of which will take place on Monday, October 15. Five other girls will compete. (Express)



LEFT: Gordon Pirie, the famous runner, shown with his wife at London Airport before he left by air for Melbourne. He is to settle in New Zealand. He gave as his principal reason for leaving England for good the feeling that Britain is overburdened with taxation. (Express)



BELOW: The Camberley Staff College and Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, one-day horse show. A picture shows the fire brigade race to put out flames during the Royal Horse Artillery riding display. This was one of the most popular of the comic turns. (Army News)



HOW long is a dog lead—legally? That is a question on which keepers of Brunswick Park, Camberwell, and photographer Denis Noble disagree. The keepers said his lead—6 ft 6 in—is too long. (Express)

IT'S an original way of carrying china, but it's not advised unless one is a first-class balancing artist like Hala Hua, 18, who is one of the members of the Variety Theatre of China, from Peking, now entrancing audiences in London. (Express)



MORE rock 'n' roll disturbances. This time it is in Manchester, where teenage rioters fought an 18-minute battle with police outside the Gaumont Cinema. The shopping mob shown here surging outside the theatre. (Express)



NOW that Seretse Khama has renounced the chieftainship of the Bamangwato tribe, he has been allowed to return home from his exile in England. He will leave for Africa, as soon as he finishes his Bar finals, with his family, including his English wife, Ruth, and their two children. (Express)



SOMETHING the audiences at the Bolshoi Ballet season at Covent Garden do not see. Russian conductor Yuri Fayer taking off his coat for a rehearsal inside the Theatre Royal. The rest of the orchestra are British. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES



BIG THIRST COULD CURE A HUNGER FOR POWER

By JOHN SEWELL

SICK of all the row over Suez? So am I. Let us consider, instead, the great futures of Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika, once they are fully supplied with power and water.

Abutting on these British territories is the second largest lake in the world—Victoria Nyanza. You could sink the whole of Ireland into its 26,200 square miles. Water to spare for all three, once it is put to use.

Are the British doing anything about it? Certainly. In the past two years irrigation engineers have surveyed all three territories. One report has been presented, two will be delivered within months. All are confidential.

But already from the Owen Falls scheme, where Victoria Nyanza spills over to the north, a British-built dam will soon be providing 700 million units of electricity a year.

A GREAT JOB

New industries, new factories, hundreds of square miles of barren scrub converted into smiling productive fields... A great job is waiting to be done.

But there is a snag. And who do you think can stop it? Nobody but Nasser.

By the side of the Owen Falls dam sits an Egyptian engineer. His job is to see how much water goes through the dam, and report if the flow is not sufficient. For this is where the White Nile begins, and it supplies Egypt with a large part of her water.

Britain is supposed to ask Egypt's permission to embark on any irrigation schemes which may decrease the flow from Lake Victoria.

The agreements were reached under conditions far removed from the present-day situation. There was then a great prospect that, through friendly co-operation, the nations depending on the Nile waters could make the desert fruitful and bring prosperity to the wastelands.

Nasser has changed all that. He has pursued a policy of hate and enmity against his essential partner in the regulation of the Nile water.

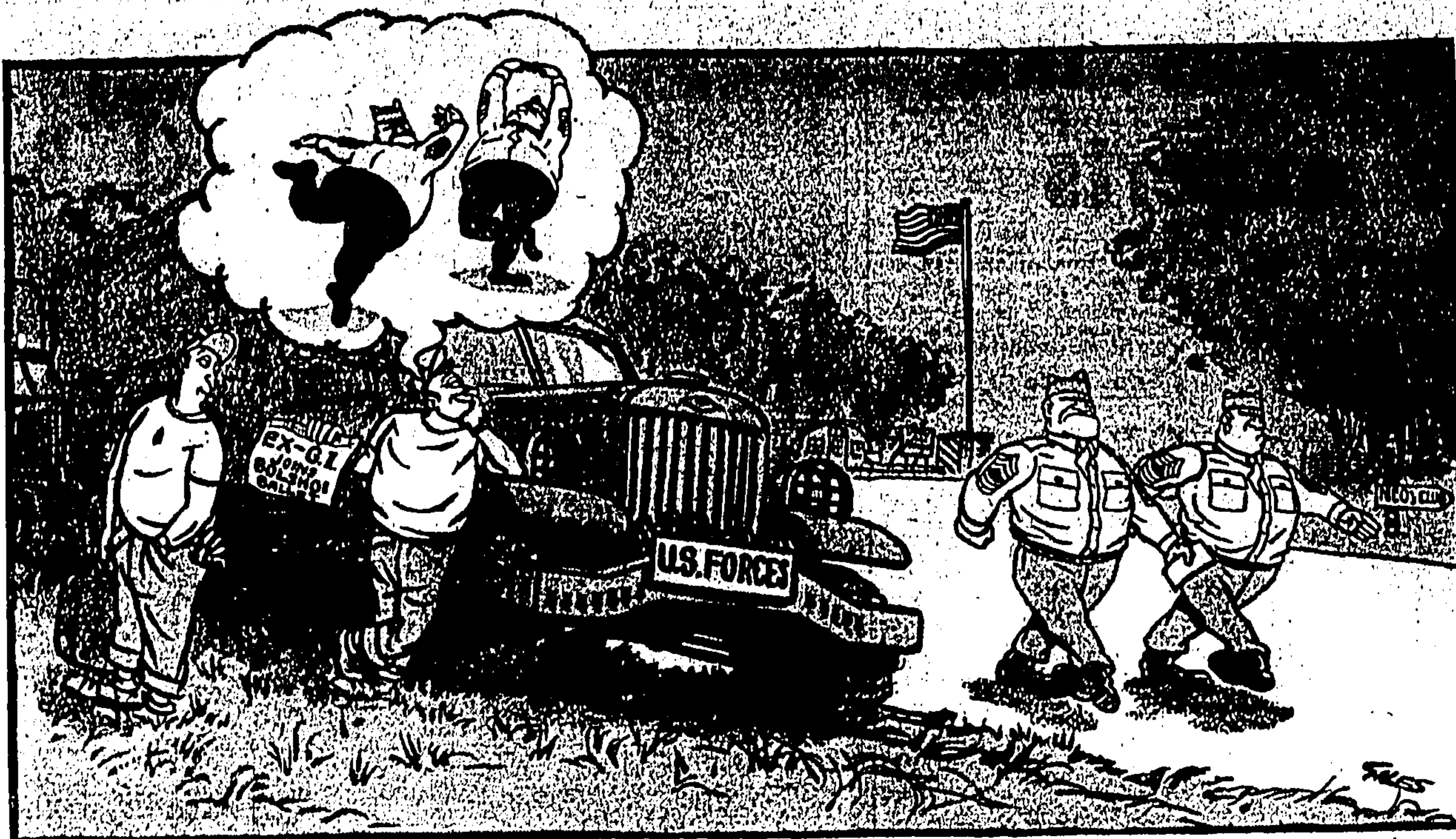
BROKE PLEDGES

In the name of Egyptian sovereignty, he has broken his pledges and seized the Suez Canal, creating for himself a stranglehold on Britain's sea-going commerce. His apologists in Britain say "Why not? The Suez Canal runs through Egyptian territory."

What if Britain were to say: "We need much more water for irrigation schemes in Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika. The headwaters of the Nile flow from our territory. In the name of British sovereignty we propose to use them as we see fit."

If Nasser eventually gets away with his grab, a time might come when Britain would have to consider a "snuff for the gander" policy of this kind.

Her present policy is far removed from anything so drastic. But it would be well to let the people of Egypt—and the rest of the world—know that the principle of squeeze in the name of national sovereignty can work both ways. (Copyright)



WHY A MILLION ARAB REFUGEES WON'T BUDGE

A PICTURE of one million Arab refugees breeding like mice, living entirely on the charitable donations of Western countries, and refusing to work or to move, was painted by a refugee worker who has just arrived in Hongkong from Jordan.

Miss Rhona M. Preston is a middle-aged motherly London woman. She has a soft voice and the sort of nature that could not hear of the terrible conditions in which Arab refugees were living after they had been turned out of Israel without wanting to go out herself and work among them.

Gathered In

THEY were gathered in by the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration officials who numbered the people, put them in camps, gave them ration cards, rations, health centres, schools, training colleges, scholarships to Britain and the United

WILLIAM SMYLY interviews a London woman who worked amongst them

States, and settled them in vast idle villages where they wait, and do nothing for themselves. Christian organisations investigate any problems that may be left over after the United Nations has done its work, and distribute large amounts of free clothing.

Better Living

MISS Preston praised the refugees "co-operation" with the authorities that are lavishing a free livelihood on them. She praised them for the way they have taken UN free clinics to their hearts. Some of them, she said, do not consider themselves properly treated now unless they have had an injection. Pills are no longer good enough. She said it was a privilege for her to work among the women and children and give them "a certain amount of sympathy." But she told, reluctantly, about a darker side of the picture also.

Arab refugees, she said, are now living free at a higher standard and with better health facilities than they ever made for themselves in their farms, or than they could possibly make

for themselves from the semi-desert farming lands of Jordan.

The attitude of the refugees to the aid which is being lavished on them is that it was Britain that allowed them to be driven from their homes by Israel, so the refugee problem is Britain's problem. Britain or the United Nations must find the answer to it or go on paying. And the only answer that the refugees will consider is to turn Israel off their old farms, and send them back, and protect them when they get there.

The refugees will not consider suggestions that they could be moved to other areas and helped to develop new homes and farms by modern methods which Israel has used to win back desert into cultivation.

Oil Sheiks

THE oil sheiks—rich Arabs who are now among the richest men in the world—will not consider using some of the wealth which has poured into their coffers without any effort of their own in paying or helping resettlement schemes in other parts of the Arab world.

The Jordan Government will not consider getting together with Israel on a vast loan from the United Nations and the United States to utilize available water supplies better and share a great Jordan irrigation scheme, which would appear to be the reasonable answer to the border problem.

Each party considers that it was the fault of the West that innocent people were driven ruthlessly off their farms by Israel. They consider that the West is responsible and are prepared to do nothing about it themselves. The only solution that they will consider is driving Israel back.

In the meantime, the Arab States build up their armed forces, and Western money in the form of relief buys time and postpones a Middle East war.

Moslem Laws

ASKED how she thought the Arab States would fare in a war against Israel, Miss Preston said that the general feeling was that they would not stand a chance unless a really great Arab leader, arose with the power to organise and command all the Arab forces and get them to strike at once and take Israel by surprise.

She added that the general feeling among Europeans working in the area was that this event was not likely to happen.

In the meantime Arabs in Amman, capital of Jordan, are heard saying openly, "Take all you can from the damn fool Christians." But at the same time Moslem laws are tightening up, and Christians are feeling increasingly stringent restrictions placed on them, and converts walk in pairs of their lives.

Miss Preston said in her quiet matter-of-fact voice that on Arab converts to Christianity today must face attempted murder by a member of his own family or clan. If he is not murdered, he will probably get out of the country to some place where he is not being whipped up as it is in Jordan.

In Lebanon

SUCH a place exists just over the border in Lebanon, the small country that has made big business of refugees since the flight of a whole population of Armenians from Russia in 1918.

Now many of the Armenians are wealthy Lebanese, while others still live in the ramshackle huts of sprawling 38-year-old squatter settlements around Beirut.

The Lebanon is said to have made more money out of Jordan's refugee problem than Israel. Miss Preston said, as she described the towering buildings and indescribable traffic of Beirut, that Lebanon was the only Arab State which was not a Moslem State.

She said that the Lebanon was the only Arab State which was not a Moslem State.

Arabian pipeline for Iranian oil from the southern route across Jordan and Israel to Syria and Lebanon.

Meanwhile the old pipeline that supplied the Allied armies in the Middle East throughout the war runs unbroken across the desert. Small tankers exist across each booster pump station along its course. Not only Israel but Jordan also could earn huge royalties simply by allowing the oil to flow along the pipe to tankers which would not have to face the long journey through Suez to the Persian Gulf. But the pipeline is not used and the pipe is empty.

Compared with Jordan, the Lebanon is a land of tolerance as well as a place of booming prosperity. Even Jews walk safely in the streets although rigid frontier regulations are supposed to forbid their entry to any Arab State, and make it impossible for ordinary people to visit both sides of Israel's border with the same passport.

The only people with an immunity that allows them to cross the border are United Nations officials, certain Consular officials, and the Anglican bishop in Jerusalem.

Main Link

MISS Preston said that one good effect of the troubles has been to draw all branches of Moslem discrimination.

One of the most important roles of the Anglican bishop in Jerusalem, she said, was to act as the main link between the old Eastern and the more modern Western churches. The Eastern include the Coptic (supposed to be the oldest Christian church in existence), Greek Orthodox, Syrian Orthodox, Syrian Catholic, Armenian, and Abyssinian. Western churches include the Roman Catholic (called "Latin" in Palestine), Anglican, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Methodist, Quaker, and Baptist.

Miss Preston described colourful celebrations at Easter in Jerusalem and at Christmas in Bethlehem, particularly those of the old Eastern churches.

Why has she come to Hongkong?

She replied, "Oh my temporary job came to an end in Palestine and I came on to Hongkong to work with refugees here."

Once again, she came out at her own expense with no introductions. (Copyright)

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THE FADED DREAM OF JANET HICKS—

AS HER DULU SAYS 'I'M JUST A NOBODY NOW'

THE dream of Janet Hicks has ended here, among the dim and cheerless rooms of a mildewed mansion.

It was only four months ago that Janet left her semi-detached house at Brimtree, Essex, and flew out here with the dream of an Indian palace, of servants, a fleet of cars, and Dulú, her maharajah.

But the maharajah is a Maharejah no more, the place is a crumbling mansion, most of the cars are old, and Dulú is a faded dream. Janet is a faded dream.

What has happened? Waving a moody hand towards the cracked panelling of the mansion, Dulú said: "I'm a nobody. Don't call me the Maharejah. My father gave me this."

From
RUSSELL SPURR

thousands, to charity. I can't even afford tips."

The fools are that the vast family estate in East Bengal have been confiscated by the Pakistan Government.

Little is left beyond the income from a tea garden and some Calcutta property. Dulú is reduced after her to less than £200 a month. Now

of that goes to maintain his ailing mother, two sisters, and a brother, and a dwindling circle of servants.

Janet has given up trying to redecorate the mansion. She's looking for a small unfurnished flat in the suburbs of Calcutta.

With Dulú she now occupies the three-room ground floor of the family house, among tigers, elephants, and a yard of antelope skins.

But if her dreams are dashed, Janet is resolved to make do as best she can. "It will be better when we



Sharing a film magazine — Janet Hicks and Dulú

can get away on our own."

Dulú poured himself a whisky and said: "Now I'll have to take a job, or sell up, and move to England. We must share the quiet life."

(Copyright)



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



LONDON WILL BE THE RENDEZVOUS OF PARIS COUTURIERS

by EILEEN ASCROFT

LONDON will witness a unique fashion event on November 5... the first time that six of the great Paris couturiers have agreed to a joint showing of their current collections. Balmain, Dessès, Fath, Heim, Patou and Lanvin Castillo will be showing the highlights of their winter collections at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the National Fund for Polio Research.

Paper patterns of six of the models will be available to the public and each will be presented in its own material.

FOR EVERY WOMAN

The Parade will stress the fluidity of present fashions... full skirts or slim lines. This is essentially a season in which every woman can find the line that suits her best.

Our Paris artist Crosthwaite has been given exclusive permission to make advance sketches of the styles that will be shown. Here are three of the models being sent.

Each of the six Paris fashion houses is sending one of its loveliest mannequins to London to present the new styles.



FATH

A day dress (above) of charcoal-coloured wool for autumn or winter days. The blouse top has a "crossed" neckline caught with three round buttons and three-quarter length sleeves trimmed with matching buttons. The slim skirt joins the blouse at the waist. The belt is patent leather. With the dress is worn a high navy sequenced astrakhan "chechia".



HEIM

This heavy silk day dress of grey herring-bone has a fitted bodice buttoned to the neck with black buttons and is finished with a small Peter Pan collar. The wide skirt has pressed pleats over the hips and the three-quarter sleeves are bracelet length with turn-back cuffs. The Cossack hat of pink by Claude St Cyr is mounted on a taupe velvet band and topped with black grosgrain.



PATOU

A cocktail outfit of printed silk. The strapless dress has a draped cummerbund and a ball-shaped skirt with floating panels gathered at the back. The collarless corset jacket has wide bracelet-length sleeves.

The Sudden Craze For A Wider Band

London. THE conventional plain little gold band wedding ring is going out. In its place — the wide, wide rings like grandmother wore.



In large chain jewellers and little antique shops women are buying up the bigger rings.

Some who were given small rings are exchanging them for half-inch rings.

What is the reason for this sudden craze? It started in America. Now here, for the past two years, the idea has caught on and held fast.

Many women feel that their wedding rings should be part of their jewellery. They do not care any more for that little thin thread round their finger which is never noticed.

Antique shops sell as many wide rings as they can lay their hands on — from £5. Bond Street shops make them especially for their customers —

from £40. Chain jewellers are making them. The big rings can be plain, ornamental or carved. They can be thin and flat or heavy and curved. They can be of any precious metal — although they are mostly gold.

And, above all, they are wide, wide, wide.

WARM PEOPLE, COLD PEOPLE

EVA DAHLBECK, Swedish film star and playwright, has written a new comedy about "warm and cold people."

Her definition:—

Warm people: They have the love in them. Cold people: They look for the love in other people and never find it.

Mothers Are Warned... Beware The Tender Trap

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

London. THERE is only one person to blame for Libera's mother. I observe with alarm the growing number of mothers who drown their sons in a squelch of mother love.

For every mother who neglects her child, I'm sure there must be twice the number who keep their sons tied so close to their emotional apron strings that they are liable to grow up shaped like a piano.

I have talked this week to three specialists in children's welfare—a headmaster, a doctor, and a psychologist—and to a number of intelligent fathers and mothers. Pooling their opinions, I've worked out some key questions for mothers of sons to ask themselves honestly.

The questions fall into five groups, and the right answers are Yes, No, Yes, Yes. If you give more than two wrong answers you are well on the way to being a possessive mother.

If your son is aged six... Has he got at least one friend of his own choosing, not a child of your own friends?

If he is eight... Do you feel a faint hostility to his school? Are you always criticizing the school staff and methods? Have you ever told his master that your boy is exceptionally sensitive?

If he is twelve... Do you let him spend an occasional holiday away from you, at a camp or with friends? If he is ill, are you willing for other people to help look after him? Can you hear him grudging other mothers without a pang?

INQUISITIVE?

If he is fifteen... Can he write and receive letters without your being inquisitive? Has he one desk or cupboard you never go to? Do you refrain from asking constantly "What are you reading?" or "How did you spend your pocket money?"

If he is twenty... Does he feel quite free NOT to tell you about all his girl friends? (The mother who says proudly "Johnny tells me everything," is well on the way to domination.) Do you genuinely hope that when he brings his best girl home, she'll turn out to be pretty, clever, and nice?

All very simple little questions, but quite revealing. And important to the majority of mothers who adore their sons, but have the sense not to want to "hang on."



Mama Libera—would she pass the 5-point test?

Naturally, people are talking about pictures. In a week which started with a play about a phoney artist (Coward's *Nude with Violin*), and worked up to an exhibition by perhaps the greatest living artist (Braque at the Tate Gallery), painting has become news.

Talking around, I discovered how many people there are who would like to buy pictures, but don't know how, what, where, how much.

PICTURE POINTERS

I decided to put these questions to a very skilled collector, Jack Beddington, who, over 25 years, has bought 150 pictures by British artists.

"You can buy a good picture if you have as little as five guineas to spend," Jack Beddington told me, "but there are a lot of things you have to know first."

"To begin with, there is only one reason for buying a picture, and that is that you like it. If you are clever and lucky it may appreciate, but to buy it as an investment is madness. The amateur is not likely to pick up a Rembrandt in a street market."

"Then you must know where to buy and you mustn't be afraid of going into galleries. The sphinx who sits behind the desk can't do you any real harm. However, don't go to private views; there are too many distractions and you can't see a thing. And search out the smaller galleries as well as the famous ones. Obviously, they will have more pictures at moderate prices."

"What to buy? Well, it sounds harsh, but the cheapest pictures in the art world are those by living British artists—and there are many, many good ones. Whatever you do, buy an original picture or an autograph."

I asked him about prices. He said: "In the five to seven guinea class you could get a lithography by such good artists

as John Piper or Ardizzone or Julian Trevelyan or Burnett Freedman. "Or you could get a good drawing. I have a beautiful John Skeaping which I bought for eight guineas. Or you could go to the exhibitions at art schools and see what the students are doing. It is exciting picking out the talent."

I asked Jack Beddington what was his own shrewdest buy. He said: "I got an Epstein drawing three years ago for £5. It was auctioned at Sotheby's among the effects of Rosa Lewis, and I got Wolf Mankowitz to go along and bid for me."

I've been asking the best-known evening beauties to open their cupboards for me and count up their evening dresses of both kinds.

MRS JOHN WARD says: "If I can choose, it's always a short dress. But on a third occasion, it has to be long. In the season in London, I wear a long dress about three times a week."

LADY MELOHETT: "Always short when I can. I have two long dresses which I wear on special occasions and three short ones, ending a little above the ankle."

MERLE OBERON: "I've a mainie for long evening dresses, for when I dress up I like the whole works. I've brought about 20 long ones

What will a larger sum, say, 30 to 60 guineas buy? It will buy a drawing of water colour by almost any artist except the few in the very big money. Or an oil painting by many interesting and rising painters. "Don't necessarily buy an artist's fashionable mood," Jack Beddington said. "If he is well known for landscapes, a still-life may cost less. "But now we're talking about bigger money," he said, "let's go back to my first point, that collecting isn't a hobby for millionaires. There are many hundreds of drawings and lithographs and even paintings to be bought for a few pounds which are well worth hanging—if you like the picture."

with me and I've another 50 at home."

SARAH ROTHSCHILD: "I have three short evening dresses and one long one which I'm having cut short. I was never a deb, so I rarely go to balls."

CLAIRE BARRING: "Always short, and really short. I have only one long one and it is rather broken and old. I know a long dress looks lovely at a ball, but they get so trodden on."

MARGOT FONTEYN: "I have five long and five short. The long ones give such grace and dignity that I would be sorry to see them go."

It looks as though the clue to Princess Margaret's choice lies in her age. The under-thirties like "en short. The over-thirties, even those with a beautiful figure, admire the splendour of a swirling skirt."

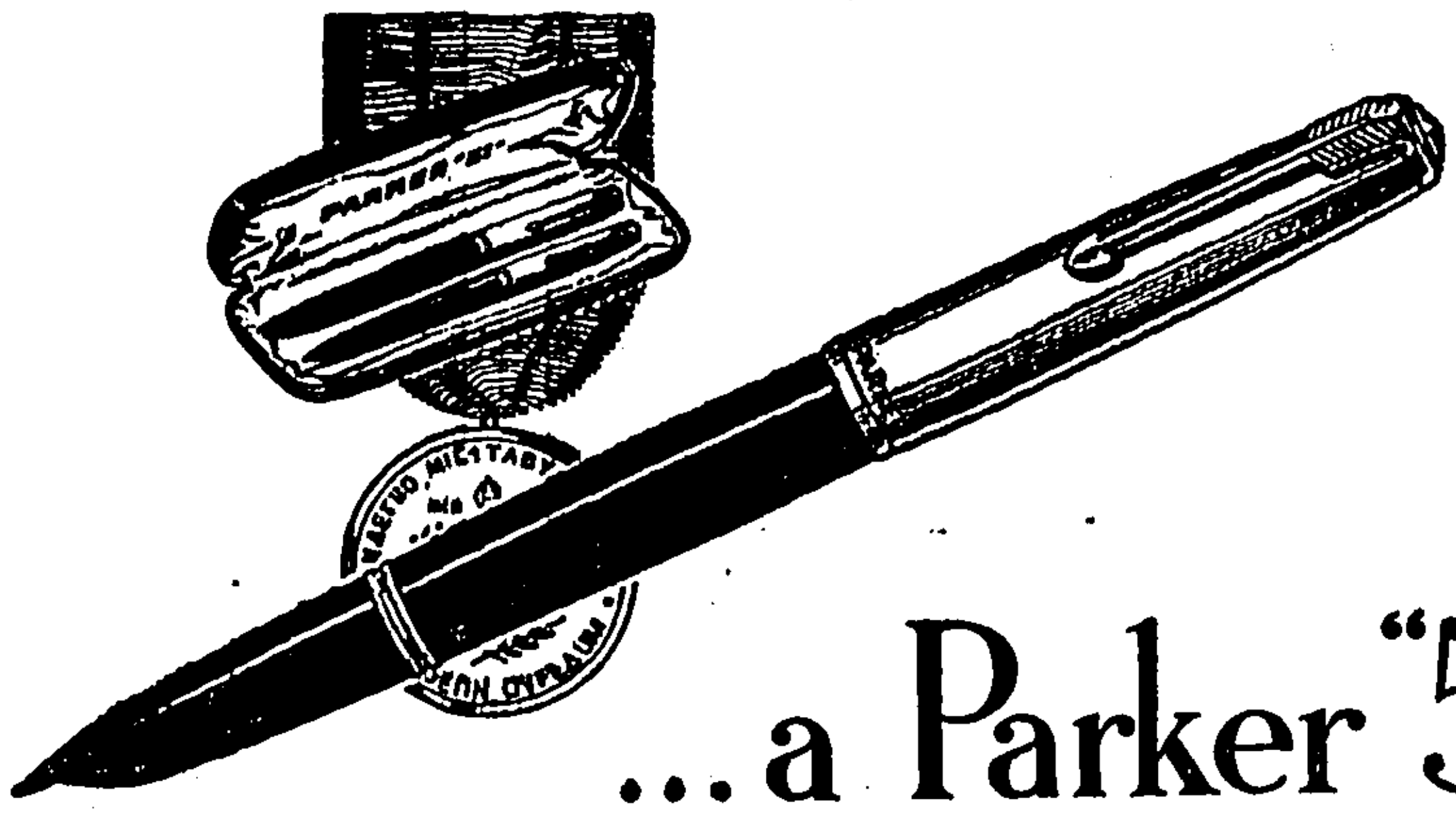


Long and graceful? Or short and young? Demasch's sketches crystallise the two evening moods.

Will Hemlines Go Up Or Down?

New York. The hemline confusion continues. Nine inches from the floor. He times in the fashion "Trial Balloons". Charles Evans, the nation's largest skirt manufacturer, decreed no hemline changes. Evans, whose firm of Evans-Picone manufactures 400,000 skirts annually, said he would ignore any drastic changes by the high-style designers. "I just don't believe the even if a couple of influential American women is in the Paris designers made a splash mood for a change," said Evans. "Maybe in a year or 18 months, shows. But his collection in- but not now. —United Press.

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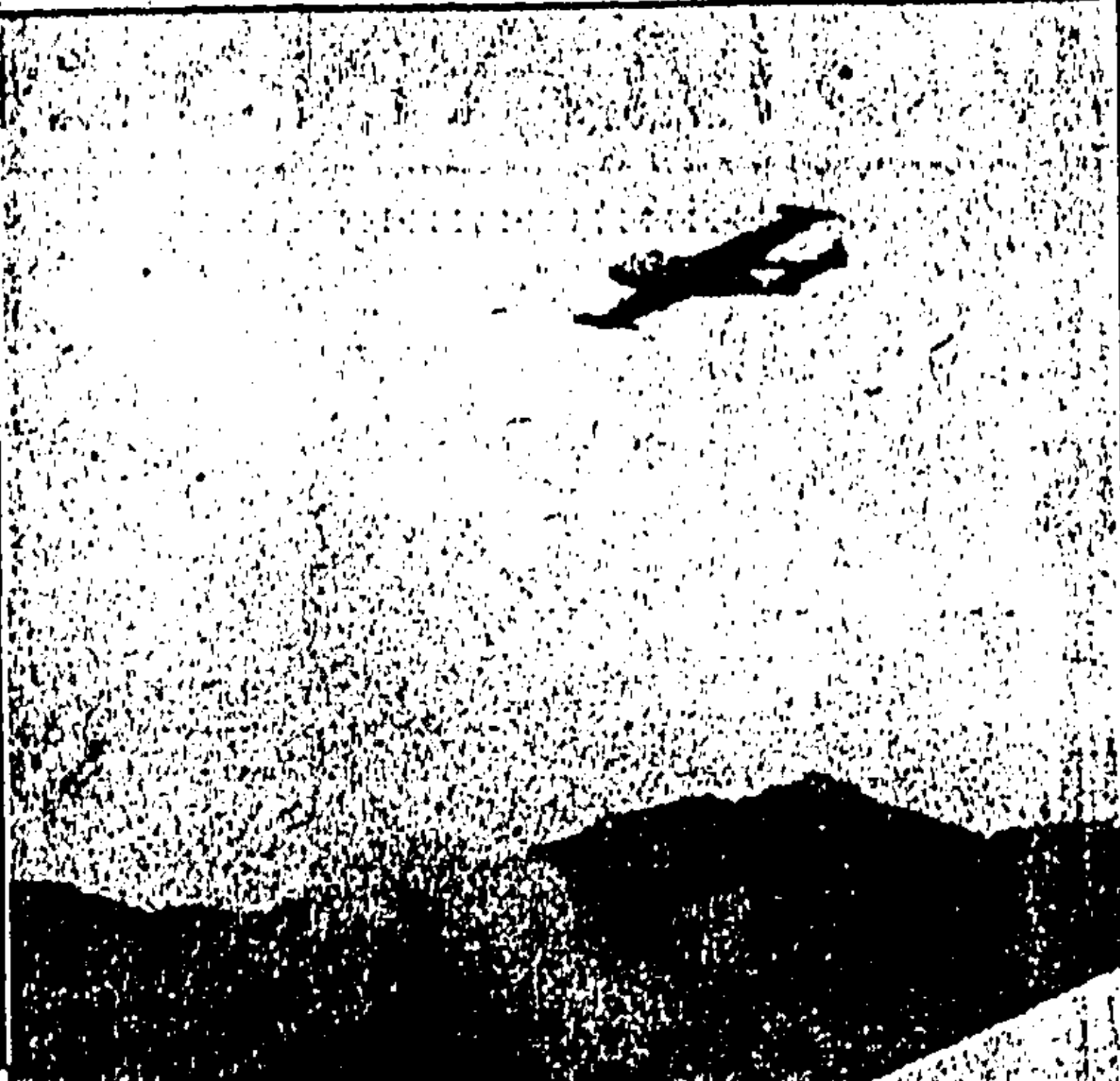


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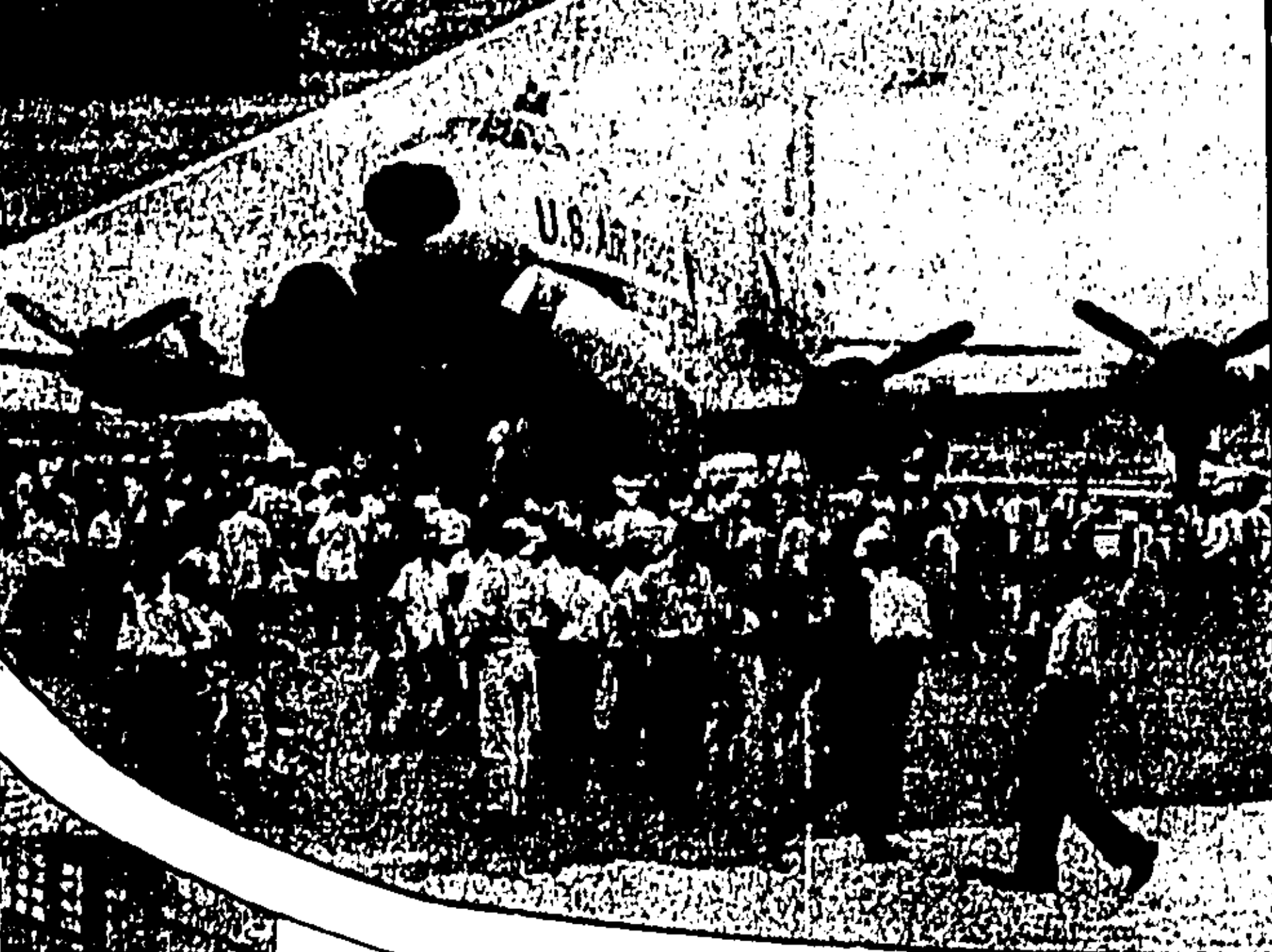
THE United States Air Force joined the Royal Air Force in the air display held at Kai Tak last Saturday in aid of RAF charities. Above: His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr E. B. David, arriving in a U.S. Navy helicopter. Right, above: A RAF Venom attacking a ground target. Right: The giant Globemaster troop carrier, which can take 200 passengers. (Staff Photographer)



COLONEL E. H. Steele-Baume inspecting recruits of the Hongkong Chinese Training Unit at Lyamun Barracks when he took the salute at the 21st passing-out parade. (Staff Photographer)



THE annual harbour race last Sunday attracted swimmers young and old—it was a most universally popular sports event. Wan Shiu-ming, Colony champion, seen below being interviewed by John Wallace for Radio Hongkong after winning the race. Below, right: Ann Oliver, the first girl to finish. (Staff Photographer)



HONGKONG Chinese footballers defeated Malayan Chinese by five goals to three at Caroline Hill last Saturday to regain the Ho Ho Cup. The victorious Hongkong team seen above with the trophy. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the party celebrating the first birthday of Ramesh Kishinchand Sujanani, son of Mr and Mrs Kishinchand C. Sujanani. (Terry)

ST John Ambulance Brigade members taking part in the competition for the Trevor Shield and other trophies at Mainland Headquarters last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Miss Nalini Samarawera, a delegate of the Ceylon YWCA, demonstrating a Kandyan dance to members of the Hongkong YWCA after a kimono display this week. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Christening of Karen Anne, daughter of Captain and Mrs D. S. Holdworth, which took place at St Joseph's Church. (Ming Yuen)



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SENIOR
Jose Maza, President of the United Nations General Assembly, who visited Hongkong last week, meets Mr. C. E. Mardon, President of the United Nations Association, Hongkong Branch, at a tea party given by the Association at the Gloucester Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



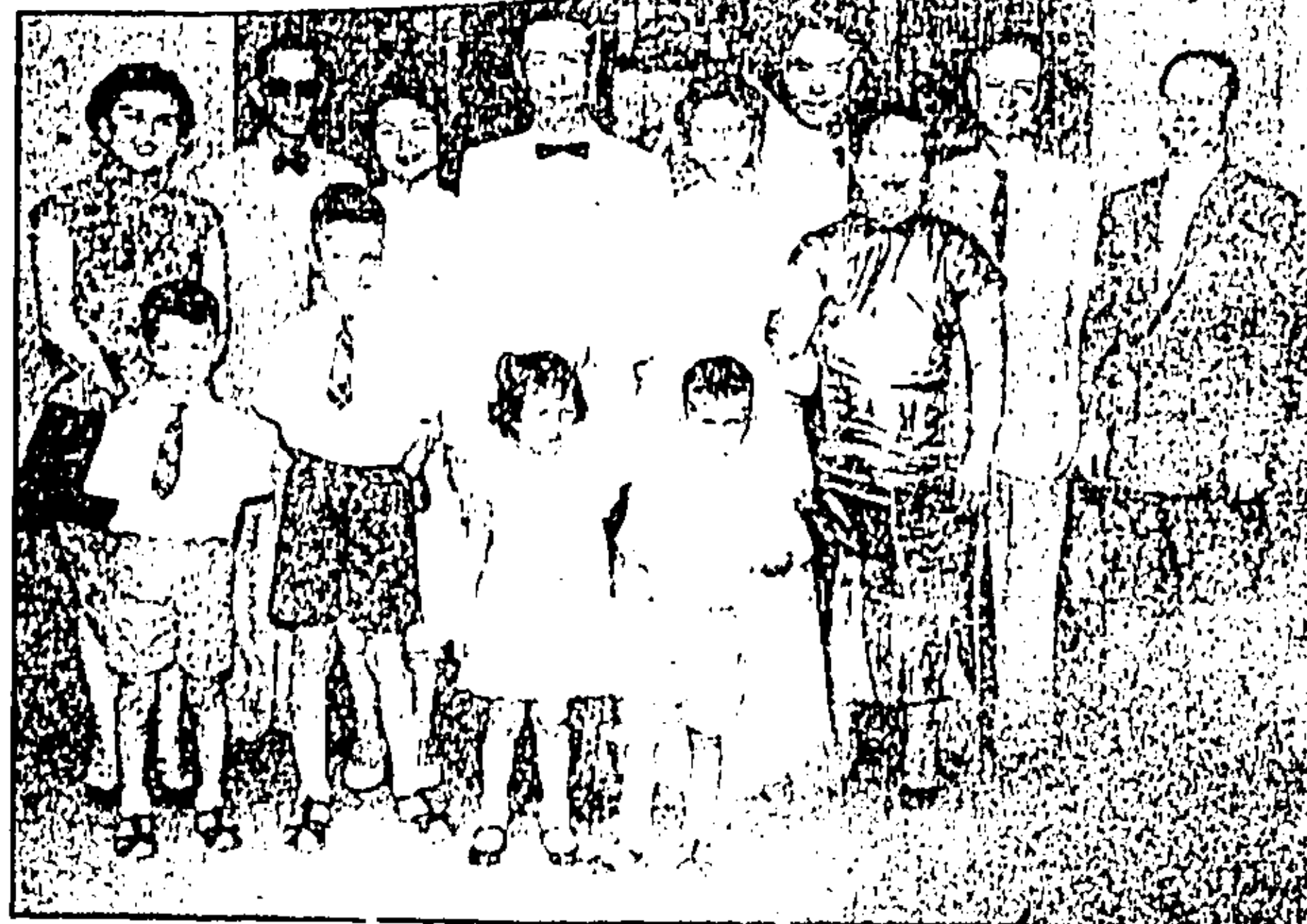
PARTY
given for Miss Margaret Loh (middle of front row) by her associates in H.M. Dockyard to say farewell to her before her departure for Japan. Miss Loh intends to live in Japan. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken at the wedding of Mr Victor Noel Castro and Miss Joyce Pomerooy at the Star of the Sea Church, San Francisco. Both bride and groom were formerly of Hongkong. (Vincio Tavares)



RIGHT: The Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Lawrence Bianchi, snapped at one of the stalls at the St Paul's Convent bazaar last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Wedding at the Registry, Supreme Court, last Saturday of Mr Sydney Liu, assistant editor of the New Life Evening Post, and Miss Anne Young. (Staff Photographer)



SECOND birthday party of Julia, daughter of Lt-Comd and Mrs F. W. Bradburn. Julia is seated on the floor third from left. (Ming Yuen)



MR Hui Bon Hoa and his bride, formerly Miss Wong Mi-lun. They were married at St Paul's Church last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)



SCENE at Royal Hongkong Defence Force Headquarters during the visit of Lt-Gen. Sir Francis Festing, Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces. General Festing (tallest in centre) is watching men of "B" Coy, Hongkong Regiment, at Bren gun practice. (Staff Photographer)



CAESAR COELHO (right), the new Colony lawn bowls singles champion. He beat Joe Luz (left) at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Crowds at last Saturday's Michaelmas Fair watch delightedly as a clown loads children down the giant slide. Proceeds from the fair will go towards equipping St John's Cathedral's new hall. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Guests at the birthday party of Miss Eleanor Chung last Saturday. Miss Chung is seated fifth from left. (Ming Yuen)



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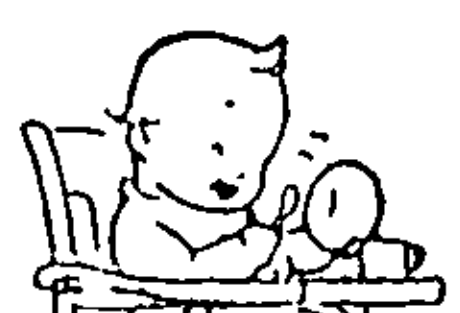
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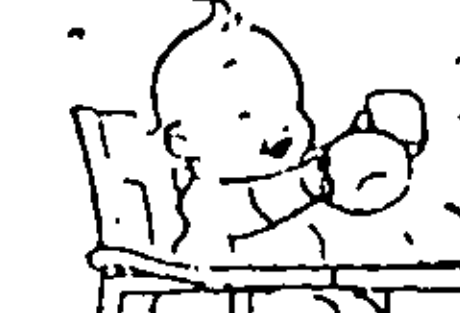
WANTS SOMETHING TO EXPRESS
HIS DISCONTENT. BEATS ON
BOWL WITH SPOON



FEELS THAT A GOOD FEELING
HOLD JUST ANSWERS HIS
MOOD BEATS ON HIS TRAY



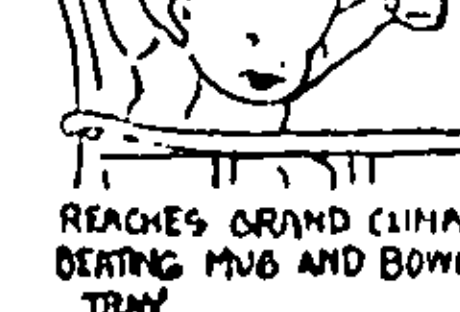
BEATS ON HIS MUG WITH
SPOON—THAT'S A MERRY
SOUND!



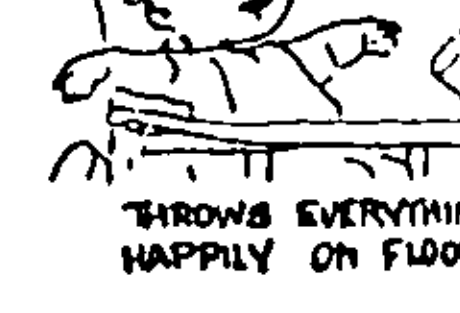
MOODS DOWN AND MUG
TOGETHER



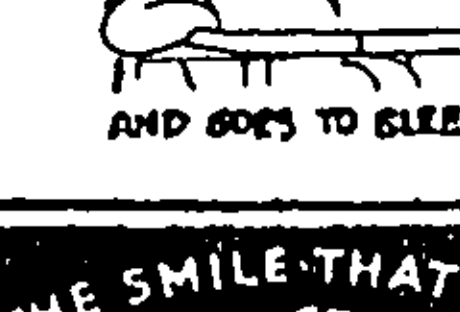
BEATS MUG ON TRAY



REACHES GRAND CLIMAX OF
BEATING MUG AND BOWL ON
TRAY



SHOWS EVERYTHING HAPPY ON FLOOR



AND GOES TO SLEEP



PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Knit While You Relax BEADED EVENING JUMPER

MATERIALS: 5 ozs. Sirdar Majestic 2 ply wool, 1 pair of No. 12 and 14 needles, 2 4th, 6th and 8th rows, and inc. packets of beads. Blue binding. To fit up to 34 inch bust.

TENSION: 8 sts. to 1 inch. **ABBREVIATIONS:** K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; inc, increase; dec, decrease; tog, together; beg, beginning; rep, repeat; cont, continue; patt, pattern.

LEFT FRONT
Thread about one-third of a packet of beads on a ball of wool, then with No. 10 needles, cast on 139 sts. Change to No. 12 needles. K.1 row, then work as follows:
1st row: Right side, P. 3, * push up bead to st. hold firmly with thumb of left hand, p. into back of next st. (In future referred to as Bead.) P. 11, rep. from * ending last rep. with p.3, instead of p.11.
2nd row: K.
3rd row: Cast off 1 st. K. to end.
4th row: P. inc. in 1st st.
5th row: Cast off 1 st. p. until 7 sts. on right hand needle. Bead, p.11, rep. from * ending with p.10.

6th, 7th and 8th rows: As 2nd, 3rd and 4th rows.

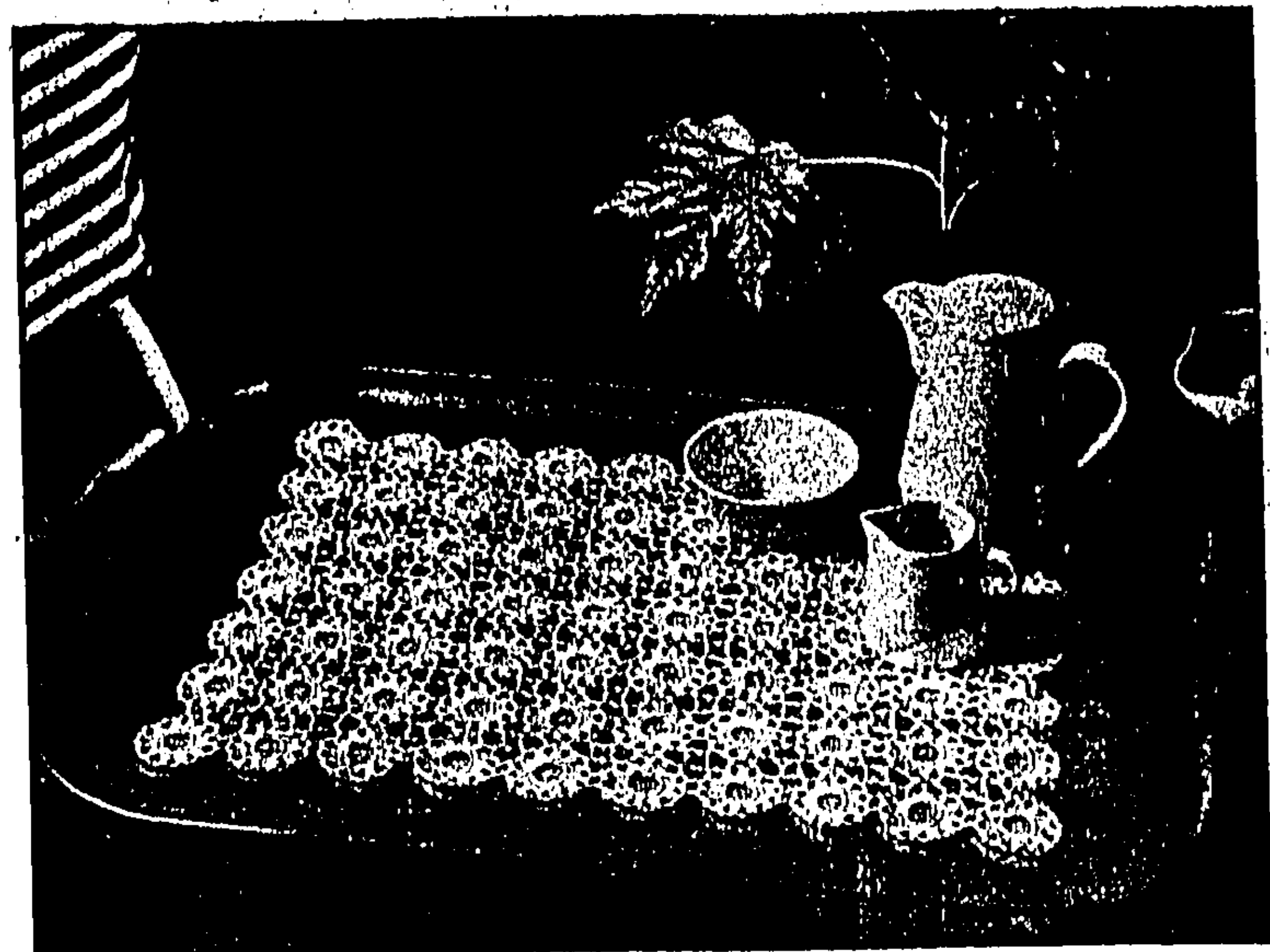
Cont. to work thus, casting off 1 st. at the beg. of the 1st, 3rd, 5th and 7th patt. rows and inc. 1 st. at shoulder edge every 4th row working in the beads every 4th row—working in the beads every 4th row—immediately above the beads of 4 rows below.

When 117 sts remain, ending at the shoulder edge. Cast off 50 sts. on No. 10 needles for armhole. Work 10 rows in patt. still casting off 1 st. at lower edge. Cast off remaining sts. on No. 10 needles.

RIGHT FRONT
Work as given for the Left Front but reversing the shapings.

With No. 14 needles pick up and k. 132 sts. along lower edge of back. Work in k.1, p.1, rib for 3 inches. Cast off ribways with No. 12 needles. Blue the two front lower edges together about 1/2 inch in from each side edge and then pick up and k. 132 sts. along the 1/2 inch single material then through the double material of both pieces. Then through the remaining 1/2 inch at other end. Work in rib with No. 12 needles.

TO COMPLETE GARMENT
Join the shoulder seams and side seams. Face front edges and armhole edges with bias binding drawing in the outer edges lightly. Press the seams.



Daisy Tray Cloth

MATERIALS: Costa Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.), 3 balls selected colour. Millwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 3. (Slack workers could use a No. 3 1/2 hook and tight workers a No. 2 1/4).

TENSION: Size of motif=1 1/4 in. (4.5 cm.).

MEASUREMENTS: 12 1/2 in. x 17 1/2 in. (31 cm. x 44.5 cm.).

ABBREVIATIONS: ch—chain; ss—slipstitch; dc—double crochet; dbt tr—double treble; sp—space.

FIRST MOTIF
Wind thread 12 times round little finger and remove from finger.

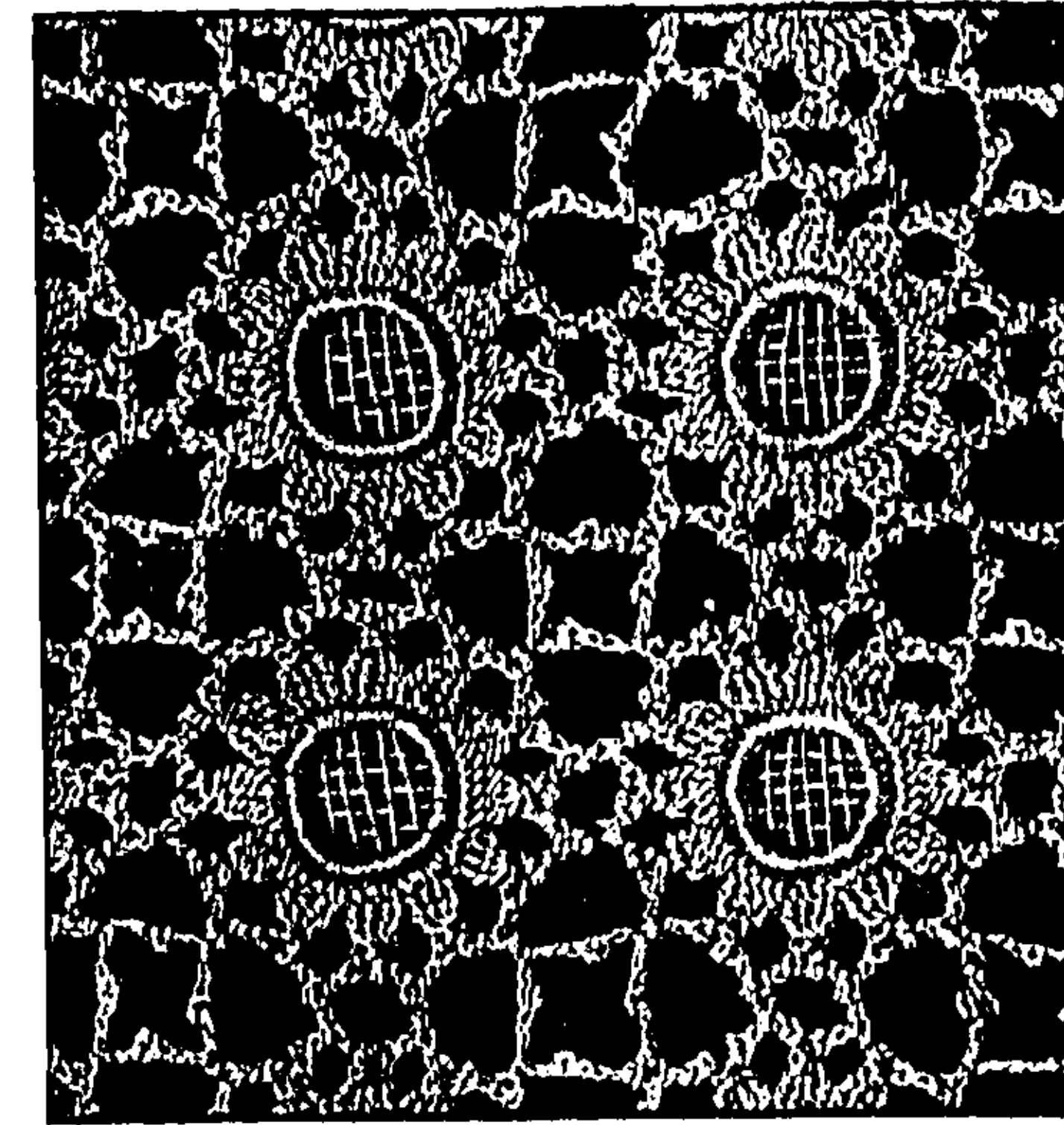
1st Row: Into ring work 48 dc, 1 ss into first dc.

2nd Row: 4 ch, 1 dbt tr into each of next 3 dc leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (cluster made), * 3 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook—pleat made) 3 times, a 4 dbt tr cluster over next 4 dc; repeat from * ending with (3 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook) 3 times, as top of first cluster. Fasten off.

SECOND MOTIF
Work as for first motif until first row has been completed.

2nd Row: 4 ch, make a cluster over next 3 dc, 3 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook, 2 ch, 1 ss into centre plect of any loop on first motif, 1 ch, 1 dc into first of 2 ch on second motif, 3 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook, complete as for first motif.

Make 7 rows of 10 motifs joining adjacent sides as second motif was joined to first motif, leaving one loop free between joinings.



FILL-IN-LACE
Attach thread to centre plect of free loop on any motif, 1 dc into same place, (8 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook, 2 ch, 1 dc into centre plect of next loop on first motif, 1 ch, 1 dc into first of 2 ch on second motif, 3 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook, complete as for first motif).

Fill in all sps the same way. With a needle and thread weave fill-in-lace in back of ring on each motif as illustrated. Damp and press.

CHILDREN WHO FAIL TO GAIN

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

MANY parents are concerned because their children fail to make gains in weight and in height which parents expect. Sometimes these apprehensions are justified and sometimes they are not.

In order to understand what may logically be expected in a child's growth one must realize that children do not grow evenly. They grow more or less rapidly for a time and then they rest. The growth periods are sometimes called spurts and the resting periods are known as plateaus. This intermittent growing and levelling off is no cause for alarm, because it is the normal pattern.

When a child remains too long in a plateau or when there is actual loss of weight or the child fails to increase in height there is genuine cause for investigation and remedy.

FAILURE CAUSES

There are some major causes of growth failure which are organic. These are relatively uncommon but they are important, so let us dispose of them first. One such is metabolic, as for example the disease rickets, in which there is softening of the bones in the skull other than the normal fontanelles, bowlegs and swelling at the places where normal bone growth should be taking place. This is readily remedied or, better, prevented, by the giving of Vitamin D in cod liver oil or equivalent preparations, begun in infancy. A second cause of failure to grow and gain is deficiency of internal secretions, usually thyroid; this is readily corrected by thyroid feeding prescribed by a doctor.

COMMON SYMPTOMS

Congenital conditions interfering with growth, and often not subject to correction, are the various forms of dwarfism including the occasional occurrence of midget persons. Chronic infection, which can usually be identified and overcome also may retard growth. Intestinal parasites, especially the hookworm and the round worm, may also handicap growth. Finally, there may be malnutrition due to lack of food, extremely bad food selection and eating habits, or the eating of a diet too rich in non-building calories and deficient in dietary essentials. All the preceding require medical treatment, sometimes prolonged and not always successful.

Tricks To Enhance All-white Decor

By ELEANOR ROSS

AFTER all the fuss about colour, the all-white room is now in the ascendant.

Incidentally, we're being told to think of white as a colour, not as an absence of colour. And to think in terms of yellow-whites or blue-whites or pink-whites—not just in terms of chalk whites.

The secret of the all-white room lies in the use of different textures of white such as white leather-like plastic upholstery, white plastic brick for walls, white linen and other woven fabrics and white shaggy rugs.

Of course, everything in the all-white room should be washable if one is to live in comfort with such a decorating scheme. Luckily, white paint, fabrics, plastics, glassware are all washable.

Naturally there should be some colour in the all-white room and it can and should be in the brightest, gayest tone.

It is amusing to note that as the all-white living room and bedroom take over, the all-white kitchen seems to be losing its popularity. We spend so much time in the kitchen, that it really is our special room, so why shouldn't we have a setting that is both pleasing and flattering?

With the advent of colourful kitchen equipment—both big pieces, such as ranges and refrigerators, small equipment and accessories—the most important element in the general plan of a room can be effectively utilized. That is the colour of walls and floors.

Light, pale shades make a room seem larger, while the deeper tones will make a large kitchen seem more cosy. A colourful enamel paint is most satisfactory for a kitchen since it is easy to clean and is durable. A washable wall-paper panel can add an extra note of colour or colour contrast.

Her One-year Plans Make Her Look Forward To Her Birthdays

By ANNE HEYWOOD

"I HAVE a good trick for lulling the age bugaboo," a cheerful woman writes. "I'm seventy-three years young, but it isn't just an accident. I planned it that way!"

"Ever since my fiftieth birthday," she continued, "I've had one-year plans."

"Things had come to a full stop. My husband was deep in his work and the children were launched on lives of their own but I was just treading water. So I decided to study some new subject every year, the rest of my life."

"It was a funny list. I had guitar-playing, Spanish, writing poetry, making slip covers. I also had a lot of general subjects, like archaeology and the history of spices, Shakespeare and the Civil War."

"It was a long list, so I decided to take them one at a time and devote all the spare time in one given year to each subject. I am not expert in any of them, of course, because there's only so much you can do in a year. But I have made life most interesting."

"On my birthday each year, I embark on a new project. I got down to the local public library and got a list of all the books on the subject. I clip items from the newspapers that have to do with it. I get in touch with people who are working in the field, whatever it is."

"You know, there's nothing like variety and this plan of mine sure gives me plenty of that!"

"Every year I meet new people and learn new things. It makes my reading more significant and it makes my conversation more interesting. I listen more!"

"I save up the scrapbooks which give me a very good reference library of my own. Some of the skills I keep, like the Spanish which I love. Others I give away, like the slip covers, which I never did get really good at."

"But the best part of all is that I honestly look forward to birthdays! And how many people in their seventies can say that?"

Facts About Vitamin C For Your Menu Guidance

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

HOW often should Vitamin C (ascorbic acid) be replenished in the body?

"Every day," answers this often-asked question.

Is the Vitamin C content of all citrus juices the same? By way of answer, here is a recent report from the scientists of the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation on the nutritional composition of frozen concentrated citrus juices.

"The average Vitamin C content of citrus juices—40 milligrams in a six fluid ounce serving (4 1/2 cup)—indicates their importance as a reliable source of ascorbic acid."

Essentially Identical

"The proximate composition of frozen concentrated grapefruit, grapefruit-orange, orange, orange-lemon and lemonade were found to be essentially identical."

The report ends with these welcome words: "A 1/4 cup serving of any of these contributes only 33 calories!"

Does Vitamin C lose its efficiency when cooked?

The answer to this is that it loses part if subjected to high heat. That is why, when possible, we add lemon or orange juice to cold or cooling mixtures. The following orange-meringue pie is a pleasant example of the way a 6 ounce tin of undiluted fresh-frozen orange juice concentrate can be used in making a delicious dessert, without the loss of Vitamin C.

Orange-Meringue Chiffon Pie: Bake a 9" pie pastry shell. Put the contents of 1 envelope unflavoured gelatin in a small saucepan with 1/4 c. milk. Next, in a double boiler top, combine 1 c. milk and 1/4 c. sugar. Stir and heat; then set aside.

Separate 2 eggs. Beat the yolks with 1 tsp. cold milk; stir into the hot milk, beating with a hand beater. Return to the double boiler top and cook-stir over hot (not boiling) water until the mixture thickens and coats the spoon. Remove from the hot water.

Add the softened gelatin; stir until dissolved. Cool 5 min. Stir in the contents 1 (6 oz.) tin thawed, fresh-frozen orange juice (undiluted). Cool at room temperature.

Then fold in 1/2 c. heavy cream whipped stiff. Refrigerate 4 hrs. or until firm. Before serving, edge with a meringue made by beating the leftover two egg whites until stiff with 1/4 c. sugar. Dust the meringue with a little cinnamon.



MADE WITH fresh-frozen orange juice, eggs, milk and gelatin. Orange-Meringue Chiffon Pie is a tasty way of getting Vitamin C.

Tomorrow's 30-Minute Dinner

Sardine Saladettes
Baked Fish Fillets
Baked Quartered Potatoes
Baked Onions
Gingerbread Squares
Coffee Tea Milk
Baked Fish Fillets: Brush 1 1/2 to 2 lbs. fresh or thawed-frozen fish fillets with 1 tbsp. oil mixed with 1 tsp. lemon juice. Dust with 1 tsp. salt and 1/4 tsp. pepper. Place in an oiled baking pan. Add hot water to barely cover the bottom. Bake 30 min. in a moderate oven, 375°-400° F.

Baked Onions: Peel and halve 1 doz. small onions. Place in a casserole with 1/4 c. water, salt, pepper and 2 tbsp. butter. Bake 30 min. in a moderate oven, 375° F. with the potatoes, fish fillets and gingerbread.

Trick Of The Chef: Dust fish fillets before baking with powdered dill.

Dinner
Tossed Cucumber-Lettuce Salad
Chicken-Fricassee
with
Blissfuls
Whipped Potatoes
Diced Rutabagas
Orange-Meringue Chiffon Pie
Coffee Tea Milk

A MAN CALLED JOHN KNOX

By George Malcolm Thomson

JUST 400 years ago an unknown man of 43 arrived in Geneva. It was a key event in modern history.

For what John Knox found in Geneva was, in its own way, what Paul found on the road to Damascus. A man and a mission met.

Knox encountered Calvinism, of which Geneva was the citadel. His spirit was stirred by the unbending logic of that intellectual system.

He went back to Scotland and imposed his new creed upon his own people. The Scots have never been the same since.

Knox had a great many stones thrown at him during his life; more have been thrown since his death.

NEW NATION

It has been said that he was fond of the company of women, unlike St. Paul, who was prejudiced against them. Perhaps Knox would have remained quite in the ordinary man if the light had not flashed at Geneva.

But what is relevant, and certain, is that John Knox plus Calvinism added up to a great man. And Scotland, plus John Knox and the philosophy he brought back with him to Edinburgh, added up to a nation more important in the world than its numbers justify.

In the last 13 years of his life Knox tore down the old feudal Scotland and built a new one.

Few nations in history—the Jews by Moses perhaps, the Russians by Lenin—have been so reshaped by one man.

Calvinism has been called narrow and gloomy. Some light has been let into it since then—but it is a religion for men; its essence is the overwhelming sense of the transcendence of God.

It has been called intolerant, a falling of most creeds that are hammered out in an epoch of revolution. It has little patience with mental flabbiness.

THE HINT

BUT by deepening each man's sense of personal responsibility to his Maker Calvinism made him more of an individual, more autonomous.

By giving him the task of improving his prospects for the next world it conveyed the hint that he might also improve them by study, diligence, and business prudence in this one.

This hint the Scots have not been slow to take.

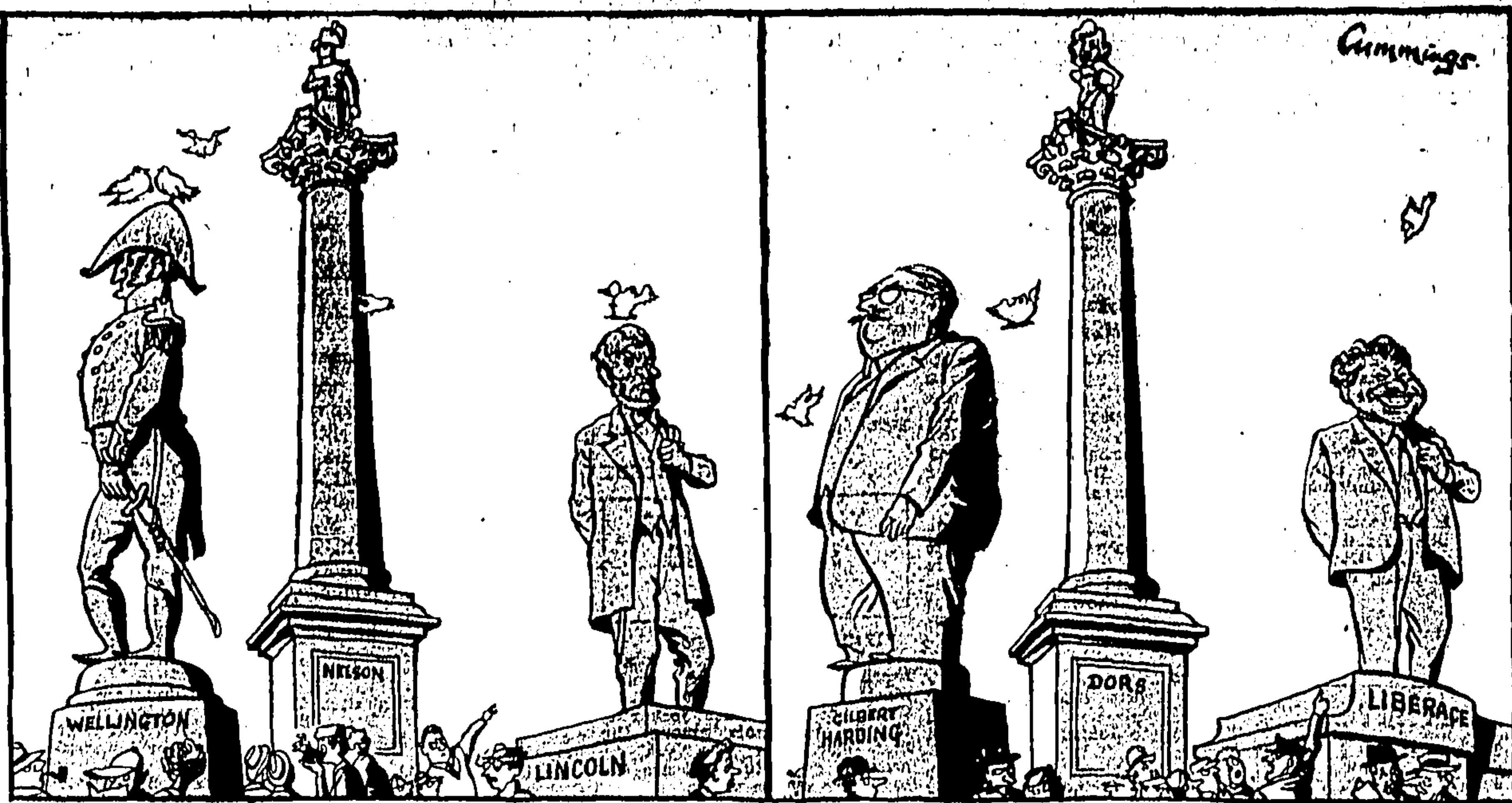
Much of the good and some of the bad in the modern Scottish robes. But the Queen Mother, who commissioned it, could not be sure it was correct. She told me I should consult the Queen.

"Now I have left it out altogether," said Sir William.

When I telephoned Brigadier Ivor De La Bore, secretary of the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood, to check up on the order, he told me:

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WHEN THE HEROES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY GET THEIR PEDESTALS

MR PINE GETS IN A PICKLE OVER THE JEWS

By ROBERT PITMAN

WHO exactly are the Jewish members of Britain's House of Lords?

And how many other British peers have made themselves rich by marrying into Jewish families?

For you these questions may be fascinating if hardly vital. Or they may be downright offensive.

But for one man this week-end they are the questions of the hour.

That man is the aristocracy's full-time Boswell, Leslie Gilbert Pine, editor of Burke's Peerage. This month his latest book, "Tales of the Aristocracy," is due for publication.

But now, because of the way it answers these questions, it has suddenly been withdrawn. And once more Pine is in the middle of the storm.

This is not the first commotion which has whistled round Leslie Pine. Since he first got his teeth into the peerage as editor 11 years ago bits of crime have been flying in all directions. Once the men at Burke's led quiet, genteel lives in the shade of family trees. And if any peer or landed gent had a pet story

about how an ancestor had burned cakes with King Alfred or sat on the bench with Canute, it was sure of staying in Burke's.

But not under the rule of Pine. He quickly spotted the trees which had bogus roots. They were weeded out. Soon Pine was moving among the aristocrats with the zeal of a guillotine.

He offended a Major-General Wake by tearing up his claim to be descended from Hereward the Wake.

He spoiled it

HE offended the suffragan bishops by removing them from Burke's Peerage altogether.

He mocked at Prime Minister Attlee for being the biggest peer-maker since George III. (Attlee's score: 98.)

He even, in one work of reference, cut some half-dozen centuries off the line of Halle Selassie by denying him descent from the Queen of Sheba.

Yet his biggest bout was still to come.

He took on Hugh Richard Arthur Grosvenor, 2nd Duke of Westminster. The duke used to cheer himself with the thought that the Grosvenor blood originally issued from a friend of the Conqueror—Gilbert Grosvenour (i.e., Great Hunter).

But Pine spoiled it all by telling the readers of Tatler that there was no such person. He pointed out that the Grosvenors were nobodies until 1876, when one of them married an heiress aged 11.

Instantly blue blood everywhere ran chill. The duke said off a protest. "His Grace would like to know why it is asserted that the Grosvenors determined to make their fortune by marrying and how the particular marriage helped to make their fortune."

Pine provided the information. He showed that the little bride happened to own the estates where Belgrave Square, Piccadilly, part of Park Lane and Grosvenor Square now stand.

And he added a final blow with an explanation of the enormous name of Grosvenor. It meant, he said, that his Grace the Duke was descended, not from a great hunter, but from a game-keeper.

So much for the Pine story to date. But what of the unpublished chapter? What of the chapter on the Jewish peers? Why has that given offence?

Pine provides a list of 14 Jewish peers. But their names are already freely available. They are all men who have made no secret of their family and faith. They are:

The Marquis of Reading; Viscounts Samuel and Bearsted; Lords Rothchild, Jessel, Mancroft, Cohen of Walmer, Nathan, Morris of Kenwood, Greenhill, Silkin, Cohen of Birkenhead, Hore-Belisha, Swynghing.

There is no offence in giving these names. Then what is the cause of the strife? Largely, I suspect it is that Pine has gone on to turn up some Christian-Jewish alliances among noble families.

And of course that is a subject which is weighed down by difficulty. And error—and no man is immune to error—could be intensely controversial.

Long forgotten

A FEW alliances of this sort are well known. Such is the union between Earl Mountbatten and his wife, who, of course, is the grandchild of the Jewish financier Sir Ernest Cassel.

Such was the union between the 11th Earl Rosebery (his stated ambition: to marry an heiress, to win the Derby, to become Prime Minister) and the immensely wealthy Hannah Mayer de Rothschild.

But there are many other living peers whose ancestors have married into Jewish families—alliances which have long since been forgotten by the public. Here, according to one Jewish authority, are some:

The Duke of St Albans; the Marquis of Bute; the Viscounts Galway, Gage; the Lords Auckland, Saxe and Sele, Burnham, Foley, Hershell, Melchett, Strachan, Rotherham, Michelham. Need any Jew be offended if Pine gives information of this kind? Of course not. It is of interest to everyone. The number of Jewish and partly Jewish peers is a measure of the immense contribution which the Jewish community has made to British life.

But what of Leslie Pine himself? Who exactly is he?

He was born 48 years ago in Bristol. He went to a school in Barnes (most famous pupils: Errol Flynn, Leslie Pine). He was a squadron leader during the war. He is a lay-preacher. And he is now a Tory candidate for Bristol (Central)—Socialist majority, 8752.

And the Pines? They did not take root under the Conqueror. Modestly Leslie Pine admits that the first Pine did not arrive from France until 1184.

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William Hickey JUST IN TIME—I STOP A ROYAL SCULPTOR MAKING A BLUNDER

I SAVED Royal sculptor Sir William Reid Dick from making a blunder with his new bust of King George VI.

The 78-year-old sculptor in ordinary to the Queen in Scotland showed me the plaster bust in his Malda Vale studio.

It shows the late King in the mantle and collar of the Order of the Thistle. But there was no star of the same order on his left breast.

Said Sir William: "I was going to show the King wearing the Garter Star under the Thistle robes. But the Queen Mother, who commissioned it, could not be sure it was correct. She told me I should consult the Queen."

"Now I have left it out altogether," said Sir William. When I telephoned Brigadier Ivor De La Bore, secretary of the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood, to check up on the order, he told me:

"The bust is wrong if it shows the King wearing the mantle and collar without the star of the order on the tunic, as was underwritten."

"What William would do is to say I shall only be too pleased to send a note to the

Private Secretary, who will get the Queen's final ruling."

Back to Sir William—on for pointing this out to me," he said. "I am just going to start on the marble one. It is fortunate we have spotted this in time on the plaster model."

"I shall have to cast a special star now and fix it to the King's tunic."

The new bust will be placed in Crutche Church, Balmoral, facing that of the late King's father.

SHRINKING

TROUBLE at the Bolshoi—the dancers are having to be sewn into their dresses.

And the reason: English food. After only a few days on London hotel diets the younger girls, I was told, are losing weight.

Their costumes no longer fit. Hence the straitjacket treatment.

The Russians asked the five hotels putting up the ballet company to change the food. Covent Garden's management had been deluged with complaints.

The fried foods were the trouble. So now the menu is to be boiled beef and potatoes. And, yes, English tea—corn flakes, of which the Russians

At the full dress rehearsal for "Swan Lake," hurried alterations were being made to the dresses of the "cypriotes," who were a bit more slyph-like than the Russians wanted.

50 BOWLERS

MR ALEXANDER L. HILLMAN, 84-year-old Special Consultant in Foreign Affairs to the Republican Party Committee, flew out of London for the Continent wearing his 50th bowler.

He told me: "I just can't resist bowlers. The only trouble is that I haven't got the courage to wear them in New York."

"There is one old brown bowler which I wear every morning driving from my home to the office. My chauffeur says it looks swell—but when we get to the office my nerve goes and I leave it on the seat of the car."

OFF THE PEG

BACK into business comes the Queen's milliner, Angelo Tharup.

The man, who became bankrupt last year and had to move out of Mayfair, is opening a new shop in Chelsea.

Danish-born, 50-year-old Tharup told me: "It's NOT a boutique, but a shop with ready-to-wear, off-the-peg hats from three to eight guineas."

A far cry from the headwear he provided for members of the Royal Family.

RECORD TALK

WELL, TV may have the cinema moguls trembling in their foyers, but it certainly hasn't affected Britain's gramophone record companies.

I went along to see 56-year-old Mr Ted Lewis, who is celebrating his 25th anniversary as boss of a record-making company which pulled in £1,730,000 profit last year.

And to what does he contribute this continuing success?

"The 78 r.p.m.," said Mr Lewis in his office high above the Oval cricket ground, "is still the backbone of the industry in this country. And it's likely to remain so."

"Yes," I know, my firm produced the long-playing record in Britain—but the other type stands supreme."

"The reason is simple. Who buys records? The young ones. They are the people who keep us busy; they are the fans and the enthusiasts, and they

want the latest number recorded by a favourite star. They don't want to wait years until all his numbers are put together on an L.P."

"The young people can afford records. Their parents can't. Their parents are weighed down by tax and paying for their children. How many professional people of your acquaintance are defunct record collectors?"

"In America, of course," he said, "it's different. There a man like Liberace appealing to the middle-aged women can make a success of his records, because in America middle-aged women buy records. They don't here."

"Look at the gay 'sleeves' in which discs are wrapped these days. We are even competing in that field now."

"I don't really believe people buy a record because it's prettily wrapped. But," he shrugged his shoulders, "they tell me we sell more of the 'sleeves' is good."

"There are countries where the 'sleeves' are still made of brown paper and where long-players and hi-fi are unheard of. That's where our big now markets."

"Out there," he said, looking over the rain-wet London roofs from his window, "I don't like the under-developed countries of the world. In Africa, in Asia, in Australia, in the Pacific, in the Middle East, in the Far East, in the West Indies, in the South Seas, in the Antarctic, in the Arctic, in the North Atlantic, in the South Atlantic, in the Indian Ocean, in the Pacific Ocean, in the Atlantic Ocean, in the Arctic Ocean, in the Antarctic Ocean, in the North Sea, in the South Sea, in the Caribbean Sea, in the Mediterranean Sea, in the Black Sea, in the Red Sea, in the Persian Gulf, in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Caribbean Sea, in the Atlantic Ocean, in the Pacific Ocean, in the Indian Ocean, in the Arctic Ocean, in the Antarctic Ocean, in the North Sea, in the South Sea, in the Caribbean Sea, in the Mediterranean Sea, in the Black Sea, in the Red Sea, in the Persian Gulf, in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Caribbean Sea, in the Atlantic Ocean, in the Pacific Ocean, in the Indian Ocean, in the Arctic Ocean, in the Antarctic Ocean, in the North Sea, in the South Sea, in the Caribbean Sea, in the Mediterranean Sea, in the 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the Pacific Ocean, in the

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"It doesn't give the actual score, darling, but as far as I can make out Nasser's still about fifteen clichés behind but four moves ahead!"

BING CROSBY WRITES A CANDID CONFESSION

I HAD a letter this week from Bing Crosby. It is a remarkable letter—a letter which will provoke comment wherever the name Crosby is known, and will be quoted and commented upon around the world.

For in this letter Bing, "The Old Groaner," sets out some

of the mellow, good-natured philosophy of his life and his work.

Crosby has known more success than anyone else in the popular field—and now he explains how he feels about the other side of success.

His letter to me is prompted by my remarks in a column not long ago about the inimitable Crosby being inimitable no longer.

In fact I said some of his imitators, like Dean Martin, Perry Como, and Dave King, seemed to be doing better than the original.

But Crosby read my comments and this is what he has to say:

"I've stretched a talent so thin it is almost opaque."

Hayden Lake, Idaho.

Dear Cyril,

STONELINE, identity undisclosed, sent me a copy of your column—the one you did recently entitled "Is Bing Going Out—Or Has He Gone?"

I'm flattered, Cyril, but I don't think I've succeeded in being a talent so thin it is almost opaque. I'm not too depressed about it.

Honestly, I think I've succeeded in being a talent so thin it is almost opaque. I'm not too depressed about it.

I'm flattered, Cyril, but I don't think I've succeeded in being a talent so thin it is almost opaque. I'm not too depressed about it.

I'm flattered, Cyril, but I don't think I've succeeded in being a talent so thin it is almost opaque. I'm not too depressed about it.

and when this is absent, so is the style.

MY INSPIRATION

I DON'T think increasing age has got anything to do with it, or that the pipes are getting rusty. Of course, I believe voice quality is very hard to do with the public acceptance of a popular singer. It's the style, the mood they create that puts them over.

And as far as my being inimitable is concerned, it seems to me that that's a word that is much misused these days. Inimitable in show business has come to mean something unusual or unusual. Certainly nothing is literally inimitable—most of all me.

I've always thought that my singing style was a result of listening to Johnson and to Ethel Waters.

I'm interested in both of these people an awful lot and to countless others, too. I listened to them last night when I was young and I suppose some of the shivers of today have listened to me and other people to a similar extent. And I suppose some of the shivers of today have listened to me and other people to a similar extent.

I'm interested in both of these people an awful lot and to countless others, too. I listened to them last night when I was young and I suppose some of the shivers of today have listened to me and other people to a similar extent.

MY BIG HOPE

AFTER a game of golf the other day, I met Harry and I was having a "body for the body" in the bar. We got a few new and were reminiscing about the old days, and I said: "Bing would you like to be 21 and live through it all once more?" And I said: "No man, no I could never be so lucky again."

I'm flattered, Cyril, but I don't think I've succeeded in being a talent so thin it is almost opaque. I'm not too depressed about it.

STAPLETON: This Is My Reply

THAT is what Bing Crosby has to say. My comments:

1. He is over-modest. 2. He can talk such style and give points to everyone else. 3. He's a happy sounding singer whose good humour is in his songs as much as in his writing.

now and again, and I'll always be hopeful that some day I can get another hit record that will give me a total of 20 which have sold over a million.

Thanks again, Cyril, for your interest, and all my warmest regards to you and your readers.

As ever,
BING CROSBY

THE TOP TEN HITS THIS WEEK

CYRIL STAPLETON resumes his authentic and authoritative charting of popular music record sales. He details the up-to-the-minute jockeying for the top spots among the best-sellers and so gives an accurate guide to what are the best buys of the week.

and here they are—

1. "LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS," Anne Shelton (Philips).
2. "WHATEVER WILL BE, WILL BE," Doris Day (Philips).
3. "ROCKIN' THROUGH THE RYE," Bill Haley Comets (Brunswick).
4. "HOUND DOG," Elvis Presley (H.M.V.).
5. "WOMAN IN LOVE," Frankie Laine (Philips).
6. "YING TONG SONG," "BLOODHOUND'S ROCK 'N' ROLL CALL," Goons (Decca).
7. "BRING A LITTLE WATER SYLVIE," "DEAD OR ALIVE," Lonnie Donegan (Polygram).
8. "GREAT PRETENDER," "ONLY YOU," Platters (Mercury).
9. "GIDDY UP - A - DING - DONG," Freddy Bell and the Bellboys (Mercury).
10. "WALK HAND IN HAND," Tony Martin (H.M.V.).

His latest long-playing album in which he sings together with Sinatra from the film "High Society" is a top seller in America today.

4. His brother and manager Larry Crosby says: "We don't think Bing is either going—or gone. He loves to sing too much." Agreed.

MR NICHOLS HIDES IN THE BUSHES

—When he sees his first Eucryphia

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

SUNLIGHT ON THE LAWN.
By Beverley Nichols.
Cape. 16s. 255 pages.

EVERY 10 years Beverley Nichols sells a house. A house with a garden which he has made beautiful with his own gloved hands, plus some help with the rough work. A house about which, taking his gloves off, he has profitably written books.

By the time Nichols sells a house it is of no further use to him as a literary property.

In 1936, he sold Allways, a cottage in Huntingdonshire, which was the inspiration of "Down The Garden Path" and made £25,000 for him in royalties.

In 1940, he sold 1, Ellerdale Close, Hampstead ("Green Gables The City").

And in the summer of 1956, he put up for sale Merry Hall at Ashted, "in a quiet position, amidst delightful rural surroundings... The exqui gardens are a great feature." (House agents' advertisement).

Heads of "Merry Hall" and now of "Sunlight On The Lawn" will not need to be told whose gloved hands made "the exquisite gardens."

Strong opinions

In his time, Beverley Nichols has had several strong, but brief, opinions. He had a flirtation with Nazism, a brush with the Oxford Group. An elopement with Pamela ("I would rather fight under the white flag than the Union Jack") was followed by an estrangement. But in gardening he has remained faithful.

To him it has been hobby, consolation and asset. "Salt the intoxicating scent of the earth and you won't want a cocktail."

And, when war came: "It is a nice thought that Hitler has no power over a snowdrop."

At an early date (1935) he found in himself strong affinities with the botanic side of life: "Winter Sweet seems to like me very much... It waves its long thin fingers at me every winter, and they are jewelled with tiny things, etc., etc."

He responded with a like passion. He stooped to crime: Once in a greenhouse at Kew he stole a cutting. "Surely it did not matter, taking one... especially when I could provide it with such a happy home."

There is a moment, described in "Sunlight On The Lawn," when Nichols, calling on Lord Aberconway, owner of the world-famous garden at Bodnant, had just rung the bell. Then he glanced over his shoulder and saw his first Eucryphia.

So shattering

"The impact was so shattering that it would have been quite impossible to go in and meet the family, and make polite conversation, until one had got one's breath."

So Mr Nichols hid in a rhododendron bush to the bewilderment of Lord Aberconway's butler, until his emotional storm had subsided.

Fascinated by the Nichols style, waving its long, thin fingers, jewelled with tiny rings, overgrown by the frankness of his confessions ("I may at times have dabbed a little paint on one of the lilies or heightened the flush on the cheek of a rose"),

the careless reader, the flush on his own cheeks heightened by embarrassment, may overlook the most important fact about a Nichols book.

It is the work of a very shrewd man. Nichols knows what he is doing, knows how far he can go, and knows when the little smile of self-mockery is needed to save his prose from complete mawkishness.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK: DAUGHTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA. By Richard Barkeley. Macmillan. 30s. 322 pages.

Queen Victoria could not forget that the Crown Princess of Prussia (later Empress Frederick) was her daughter. The Empress could not forget that she was English. Bismarck could not forget, forgive—either one fact or the other. The outcome was a dynastic quarrel and a tragedy of personal frustration. Richard Barkeley tells the sad story brilliantly.

I KICKED HER IN THE BUSTLE

SAID GEORGE MOORE

GM: Memories of George Moore. By Nancy Cunard. Rupert Hart-Davis. 25s. 206 pages.

plump, naughty and talented writer who was in love with her mother and whom she knew from schoolroom days.

Yet the reader cannot help wondering how often, under how many windows in Paris, George Moore had stopped, with some attractive young friend, and said, "Yes, it was there!"

For he was a dedicated man—and the twin objects of his devotion were the pursuit of women and the invention of stories.

Literary luck

Nancy Cunard, in an affectionate book (occasionally precious in an old-fashioned way) rebuilds, in a series of anecdotes, Moore's wayward personality. Thus she may help to bring his books back to favour. It takes a writer's reputation 30 years to recover from his death.

So another seven years, must pass before Moore's posthumous literary luck is likely to turn.

His style is too careful, too smooth, too polished for modern taste. The subjects he chose do not as a rule interest a new generation. His prejudices have a faded look. Even his famous naughtiness hardly shocks.

Yet "Hail and Farewell" a three-volume account of Moore's adventures in the Irish Literary Renaissance, is one of the most gaily malicious autobiographies of the century.

Hearing that his native Ireland was in the throes of a revival of her letters, Moore rushed to Dublin where he collaborated in a play with W. B. Yeats who looked "like a large rolled-up umbrella left behind by some picnic party."

The play, on an ancient Irish theme, was to be in the Irish language which neither Moore nor Yeats knew. Moore decided he would write it more easily in French. Yeats agreed enthusiastically.

Light came

From French it would be turned into English by Lady Gregory, then into Irish by an expert named Tugue O'Donoghue, back into Irish-English by Lady Gregory. After that, Yeats would put style into it.

Moore laboured hard at his patriotic task until one day, light flashed. "What a damned fool a clever man like Yeats can be when he is in the mood!"

In truth, between Moore and Ireland was a great gulf yawning. Ireland was—and is—practical; Moore had been a young man in Paris who liked the society of attractive women and liked, after the affair to talk about it to other attractive women.

Tired of being kept dangling by one brilliant and adored creature whom he had met at a banquet in the Savoy Hotel, the frustrated author behaved impulsively.

"I lifted my foot and kicked her while we were walking and arguing in the park. I will say it was nearly dark and the park almost deserted. I kicked her in the behind—in the buttock, if you prefer—and, of course, after that..."

The guest

Nancy Cunard's memories of this egotistical yet attractive Irishman begin at the time when he used to stay as guest of her family in a vast house in Leicester Square. There he kicked her pet dog while showing off his dancing ("I was a dab at the Boston two-step") and went country walks with her in bowler hat, button boots with the bowler showing, and an umbrella.

Nancy Cunard has displayed a quaint and delightful sense of humour. For those who seek George Moore, the writer, his books are waiting to be taken down, dusted and read.

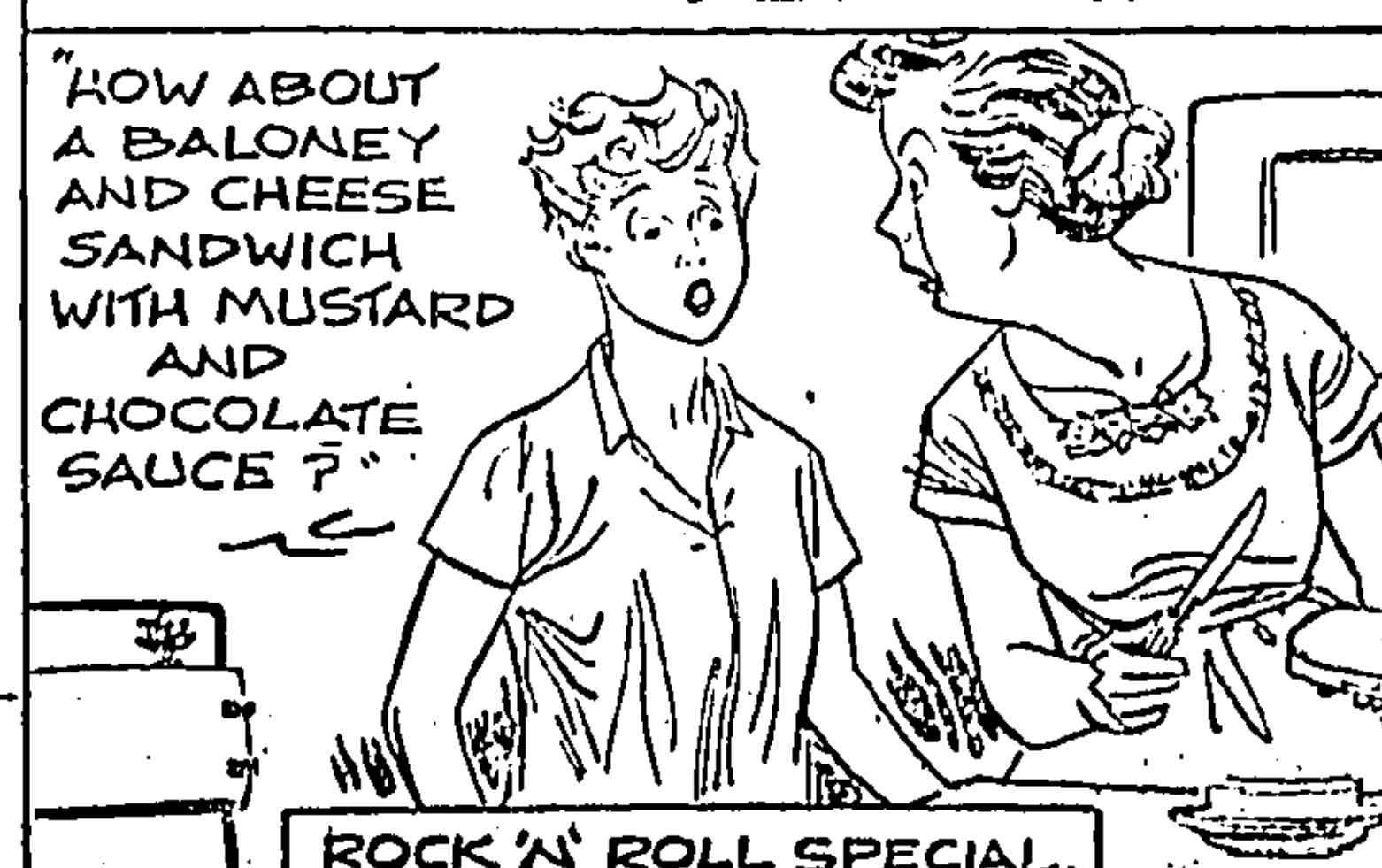
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Just A Sandwich

BY HARRY WEINERT

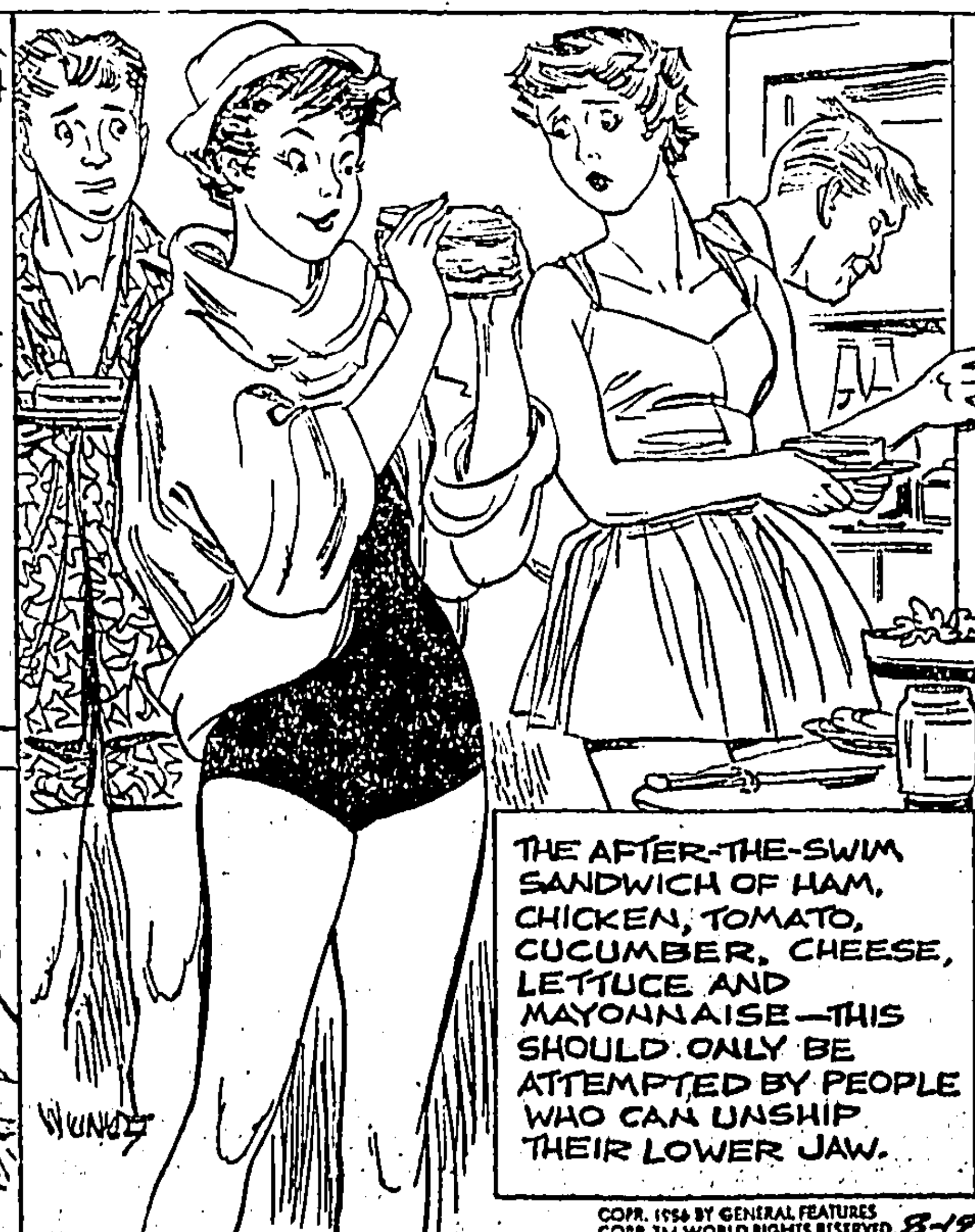


THE FRIED-EGG OR SQUIRTY SANDWICH SHOULD BE EATEN IN THE GREAT WIDE OPEN SPACES.



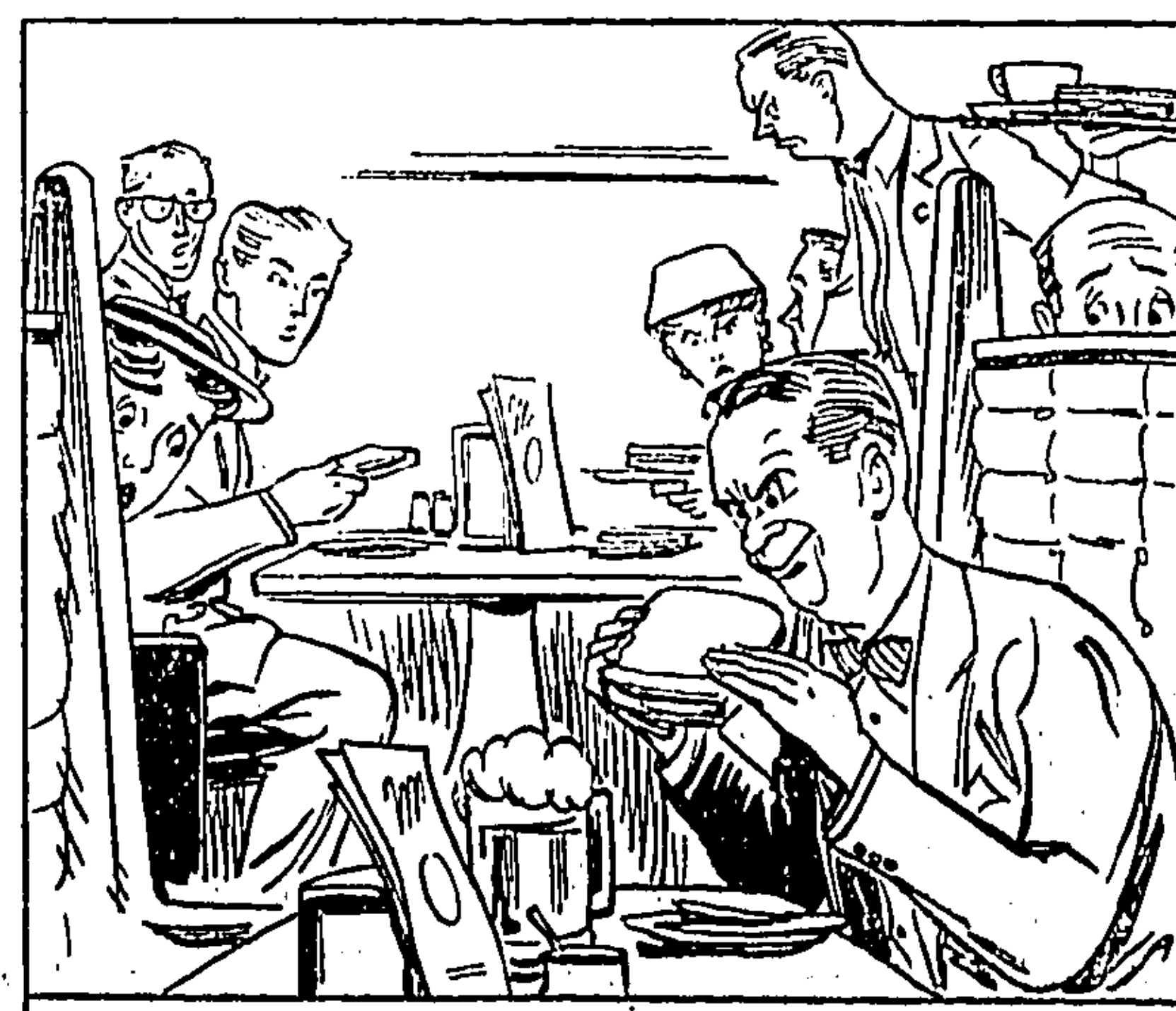
"HOW ABOUT A BALONEY AND CHEESE SANDWICH WITH MUSTARD AND CHOCOLATE SAUCE?"

ROCK 'N' ROLL SPECIAL.



THE AFTER-THE-SWIM SANDWICH OF HAM, CHICKEN, TOMATO, CUCUMBER, CHEESE, LETTUCE AND MAYONNAISE—THIS SHOULD ONLY BE ATTEMPTED BY PEOPLE WHO CAN UNSHIP THEIR LOWER JAW.

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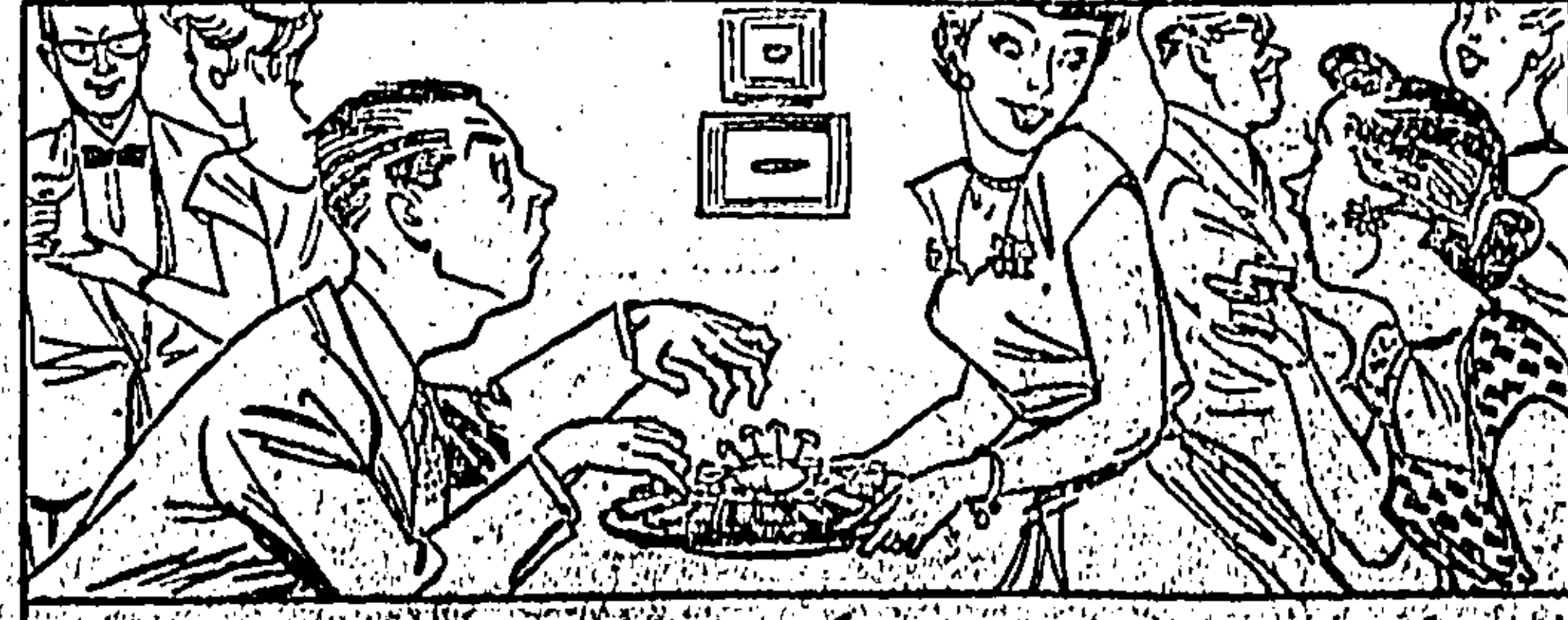


LIMBURGER AND ONION EXPERT—THE ORIGINAL ISOLATION BOOTH BOY



DON'T PEEP

THERE'S NO SENSE IN LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.



WITH COCKTAIL PARTY SANDWICHES, THE ONLY THING TO DO IS WATCH YOUR CHANCE AND GRAB A HANDFUL.



THE HEAVY-DUTY SANDWICH, COMPOSED OF ONE LOAF AND READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—MEAT, GARLIC AND CHEESE.



"I'LL HAVE A HOT SOUP SANDWICH."

THE ONE WHO IS CONVINCED THE ONLY WAY TO COMBAT HOT WEATHER IS TO FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE.

To Play Golf And Enjoy It You Don't Have To Know The Language

Says BOB FERRIER

We banana-ed it into the jaggies from the gipsy, used the leather mashie, then lanned it with timber and boxed it with the jerking iron for a tray. We spent out of town with the harpoon and the porter dropped the gladstone and scampered.

No Ethers and Scombe and Milligan chattering, but merely the game of golf, and its impedimenta, as she might be played around the caddy room.

Translation? I hooked into rough from the tee, kicked the ball on to a good hit on to the green with a wood shot, then putted into the hole for a score of three.

"We went out of bounds with a spoon shot and the caddy dropped the bag and quit." Picturesque speech and patter has reached such a pitch with caddies and with some of the younger professionals that phrase-books will soon be packed in every golf bag.

BIZARRE NAMES

Caddies, of course, are a strange romany breed. Like prize-fight managers, they never collect a blow struck in anger, but always they are in there punching and pitching with the best of them. Like prize-fight managers and not to mention royalty and editors, they use nothing but the exclusive and collective "we."

They have bizarre names like Mack the Knife, Jaffu Wingo and Man Friday. They travel expertly over hundreds of miles at minimum

cost. And they have a flow of language more than somewhat fanciful. The most prominent interpreters of the dialogue—a compound of Cockney rhyming slang and Americanisms—are Tony Harman, the Royal Berkshire assistant, and Peter Mills, of West Hill.

So, with acknowledgment to that well-known double act, Harman and Mills, I present Ferrer's thesaurus of words and phrases, intended to offer a lighter side to the whole dire fearsome business of pursuing the piff.

Wooden clubs are respectively the Lady Godiva, the Lancashire Lassie and The Harpoon, known collectively as timber. Going through the irons we have Deuce, Tray, Roff, Beeesey, Tom Mix, Pennies From, and Garden Gate. This can also apply to the score you make on a hole.

The putter is the Dabster or Jerking Iron. The bag is the Case or Gladstone. The caddy is the Caddy, Slave or Porter. A trolley is a Steel Jockey. The teeing ground is the Gipsy Lee Teeing Ground.

The green is the Magazine Sward or Lawn.

The "Leather Mashie" is the one that paralyzes me. When a ball is imbedded in rough, and

the caddy surreptitiously improves the lie with the edge of his boot, that is using the Leather Mashie. Of course, I don't suggest that it is ever done. Certainly not.

Golfers themselves do not escape the blunt edge of this wit. Arthur Lees is "Cloga," Charlie Ward is "Whippet," Harman is "Chunky," Peter Mills the "Blueboy," Harry

Bradshaw "See-saw" and Tom Halliburton, of Westworth, is "The Dean of Old Windsor."

There is a course of lessons from Messrs Harman and Mills I can get for you—wholesale. But promise not to use it with-



in a hundred miles of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews.

And do not worry. To play golf and enjoy it, you do not HAVE to know the language. (London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

'Widow' Took Up Golf Game In Self-Defence

Mrs Marley Spearman, in coffee-coloured slacks (coffee-with-cream, that is) plus red and white shirt striped to match the Regency wallpaper (on two walls only, my dear) subsided into the cushioned comfort of her Marble Arch Mews flat and told me the story of her life.

Well, her golfing life.

Mrs Spearman, be it first known, is or has been Middlesex champion, South-eastern Counties champion, a Worpleston finalist ("two up, five to play, and beaten on the last green") and an English Closed semi-finalist at Hunstanton the other week.

There are also some who

won't make a big thing of it, eh?

Perhaps the most important of all, she brings to women's golf a bubbling, irresistible personality, a swing that is all delight and elegance, a stunning line in the haute couture of golf and the odd belief that playing the game can be fun.

Plus a golfing history so naive it is hardly believable.

For Mrs Spearman is that mythical, cartoon figure, the golf widow who embraced the game in self defence and made a go of it.

It seems that some six years ago Mrs Spearman "took up" golf, as they say. The infection was severe. Conversation around the happy home got into a bunker-deep rut. Mrs S. was close to screaming point. So in self-defence, Mrs S. took action.

The lady explained: "One day I was out shopping and popped into a store and took a half-hour lesson. Rather fun. The man there, afterwards, said something about practice."

"So next I popped up to Regent's Park to see Mr Holdright."

"He asked what club I would like. He gave me what I eventually realised was an eight iron, and withdrew. Off I went, hacking and harpooning away for an hour. Jolly good fun."

The lady was once in musical comedy. I did not ask the lady's age. But I did ask the feisty obvious question and she said: "I suppose singing and dancing and cavorting round a stage did help with concentration and moving the old bod, but you

COFFEE TIME. Enter right, husband busy, busting. He confessed to being a "poor six" himself, offered me an American cigarette, found a place for himself in the thicket of pots, tankards, spoons, medals, trophies—the spoils of three years' tournament success—and took up the Spearman saga.

The next stage was the first public appearance on any golf course. One Sunday morning he was due to play a four-some, took the lady to Croydon municipal for company and to let her see how it was done, and, as you have guessed, the four were only three. A fateful absenteeism.

There was a quick consultation, much whispering behind hands.

Eventually the low man, handicap 14, said: "But of course she must play." The lady, Mrs

Madry Spearman, made up the first round round the course in 86 strokes, and beat the blushing lot of them. "Just dabbling it along."

BIG CHALLENGE

From then on, progress. She followed husband to Sudbury. The handicap was sliced down from 86 to one. She began to realise that it was a difficult game.

Now she practices every day, likes competitive golf not because she thinks she can win ("Who, me?") but because of the challenge. She reckons women's standards are soaring because of interest in the younger set.

I THINK the lady has yet to do her greatest things in this game.

I KNOW you'd like her much more than most of the Lady Macbeths who haunt the mixed lounge.

(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

SALES SHOW OUR BREEDERS SHOULD KEEP GOOD MARES

By RICHARD BAERLEIN

London.

The 1956 yearling sales are now over, and the results have exceeded the expectations of even the most optimistic breeder. The averages throughout the season are only slightly down on last year—buyers have not been put off by political situations or financial restrictions.

The fact that at least four individual owners were prepared to go to five figures for the Court Martial colt out of Refreshed shows just how strong the market really is if the proper article is offered.

Mr Gerald Askew has done the bloodstock industry of the British Isles a great service by buying Refreshed against all foreign competition.

He has got half his money back at the first time of asking, and with ordinary luck the mare—instead of proving one of the most expensive of all time—as was suggested when he bought her—will actually prove one of the greatest bargains.

SNAPPED UP

Unfortunately, too many breeders put some of their best mares on the market at a time when prices appeared to be high.

These mares were readily snapped up by American buyers. Now there are not enough choice-bred top-quality colts coming into the sale ring to satisfy the demand.

And the fact that Sir Gordon Richards, for example, has been able to purchase only three colts during the whole season—although he has been persistently on the watch for the right article—gives some indication of the shortage.

HANG ON

The real trouble in the past 10 years has been that many breeders, especially the large owner-breeders, have not done enough culling of their inferior animals.

Far too many studs which will readily release a top-quality animal to the Americans will hang on desperately to their inferior animals.

It is the inferior stuff which should be weeded out at every available opportunity.

These breeders who have sold high-class mares recently would have stood to make almost as much from the sale of one yearling from these mares as they got for the mare itself.

While there are not enough top-quality colts and fillies appearing in the sale ring to satisfy the demand, there is far too much inferior stuff on offer.

If only breeders would keep their good mares and cull their bad ones, I am quite sure they would not only improve their studs, and make greater profits, but would help the British bloodstock industry in general.

A psychological point which many breeders appear to overlook is the question of reserves. NOT SO KEEN!

A buyer will step into an open market, willing to bid against valuations of other buyers.

He is not so keen to bid against the valuation of the owner for owners invariably produce. This not only applies to horses.

Those breeders who put on small protective reserves are doing the right thing. But in many cases reserves of a high order are put on yearlings.

If only breeders would realise that many buyers automatically withdraw from bidding when they know there are high reserves, a better trade would result.

I am quite sure that in the long run the breeder who sells without reserves is the one who gains the most.

As a barometer of the bloodstock industry the 1956 sales can be described as eminently satisfactory.

(London Express Service).

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Borotra, Perry, Budge, Kramer.
2. Denis Compton, Stanley Matthews, Archie Moore.
3. Ezzard Charles.
4. Hop, step and jump.
5. Speedway, athletics, cricket.
6. (a) yachting (b) rowing (c) fencing.
7. German, Norwegian, American, Danish.
8. The Princess of Monaco, formerly Grace Kelly, is the sister of sculling champion Jack Kelly.
9. Juan Fangio.
10. Lancashire.

THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



A European Soccer League I Believe Would Bring Back The Missing Millions

Says DON REVIE

We are on the threshold of a glittering new era in Soccer. While the politicians debate about a Customs Union with Europe, it seems fairly certain that we shall soon be importing into this country the top European teams to compete with the best in Britain. In other words a Soccer Customs Union.

Soccer needs a shot in the arm to bring back the glitter and appeal it used to have for the masses. And it looks as though the rulers of the game are moving forward to the idea of a Super Soccer League.

For years we have been in splendid isolation on the sports front. But the public's appetite has been whetted by the occasional glimpses they have had of the crack Continental sides.

Last year the European Cup was launched. At first, in Britain—once Chelsea, the League champions withdrew—there was not a great deal of interest.

But when the Final in Paris was televised through the Eurovision network many Soccer fans were eager to know what it was all about.

Since then Manchester United's sensational start in this season's competition—remember they pushed out the Belgian champions Anderlecht by scoring 12 goals to nil in the two legs—has roused the whole body of Soccer fans in Britain.

The door is now swinging open for more and wider competition with European clubs instead of playing the closed season friendlies.

Why not a European Super Soccer League? Instead of this being open to the League champions of each country, it could be thrown open to the top four clubs in the English First Division and the FA Cup finalists. And we must include the Irish and Scots as well.

In this way we would be in close contact with the development of the game on the Continent. We have much to learn from them. They have much to learn from us.

CONTINENTAL COACHING

And it would be a fine idea if some of our brilliant young players could be sent over to the Continental sports centres for improvement courses.

Their eyes would be opened by the way the Continentals groom and coach their young players.

(1) It would widen the experience of our young footballers.

(2) It would show how the Continentals link physical training in track and field athletics to the arts of Soccer.

(3) It would give them a fresh slant on how the Continental game is played, with insistence on ball control and keeping possession of the ball.

(4) It would also give the youngsters first-hand evidence of how our football stadiums lag behind the streamlined sports arenas in the big Continental cities.

Above all it would be a big boost to the game in Britain if we had our best sides in direct competition with the European clubs.

Football fans would love it. After all, over 40,000 braved a wet night in Manchester to see Matt Busby's team crumble the Belgian champions to a 10-0 defeat.

I think if we opened the gates to the Continentals, it could give further impetus to the game. It would help them to appreciate our point of view; and we, their ideas on the game. It would bring us closer together through sport—and it would, I feel sure, lead to a more uniform interpretation of the laws.

References from all countries could come together to attend periodic courses: to iron out differences of opinion on such things as (a) obstruction, which is so prevalent on the Continent; (b) our method of shoulder charging; and (c) that big cleavage of opinion as to whether goalkeepers should be charged or not.

NIGHT FOOTBALL

Already our Soccer administrators are discussing a floodlit competition; there is talk of Saturday night football—all signs of change in the game's set-up.

Very soon the Third Division clubs meet to talk over that thorny topic of revising the Football League so that there will be four Divisions.

There must be room in this country for Soccer's lower classes. Small towns are entitled to League football, pro-

viding they have the support, but we must also not lose sight of the bright hopes of the future, with the top Continentals coming to Britain in glamour fixtures.

Make no mistake, we are living in a changing world of Soccer, and changes there must be if football is to compete with the many other entertainments.

I am sure that all Tom Finney's many friends and fans—if there is a more popular player I would like to meet him—were relieved to hear that Tom had not broken his leg at was at first feared when he was carried off on a stretcher during the Newcastle match.

For such a small chap, Tom is one of the most fearless men in the game. We all hope this injury is not going to keep him out of the game for any length of time.

Did you know that John Charles, the terror of First Division defenders, has a very quiet hobby? He likes carpentry and is at present attending a Leeds night school where he is making his wife a piano stool. Carpentry or carving defences wide open—it all comes just as easy to Big John!

(COPYRIGHT)

An advertisement in the CHINA MAIL

GOES TO CUSTOMERS instead of waiting for them to come to you Use the CHINA MAIL regularly

Going by air?

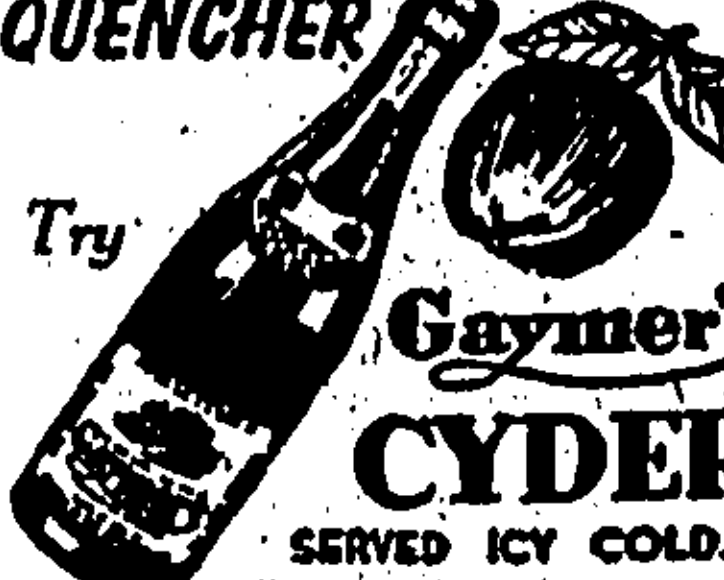
then BE SPECIFIC



FLY CATHAY PACIFIC

Solution on back Page

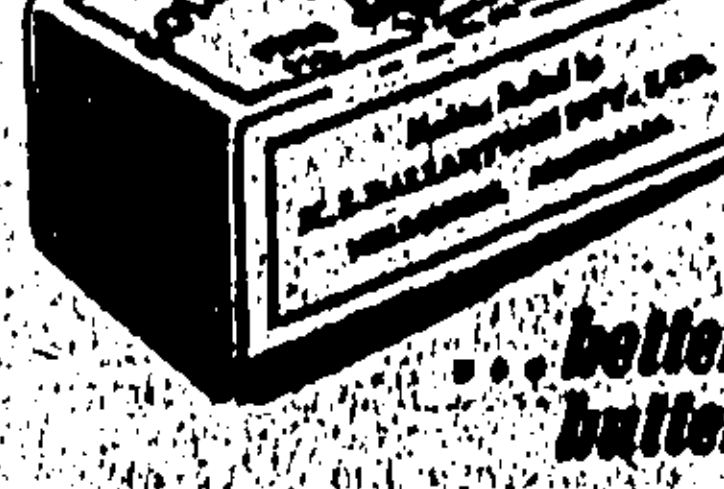
For the most refreshing THIRST QUENCHER



Try Gaymer's CYDER SERVED ICY COLD.

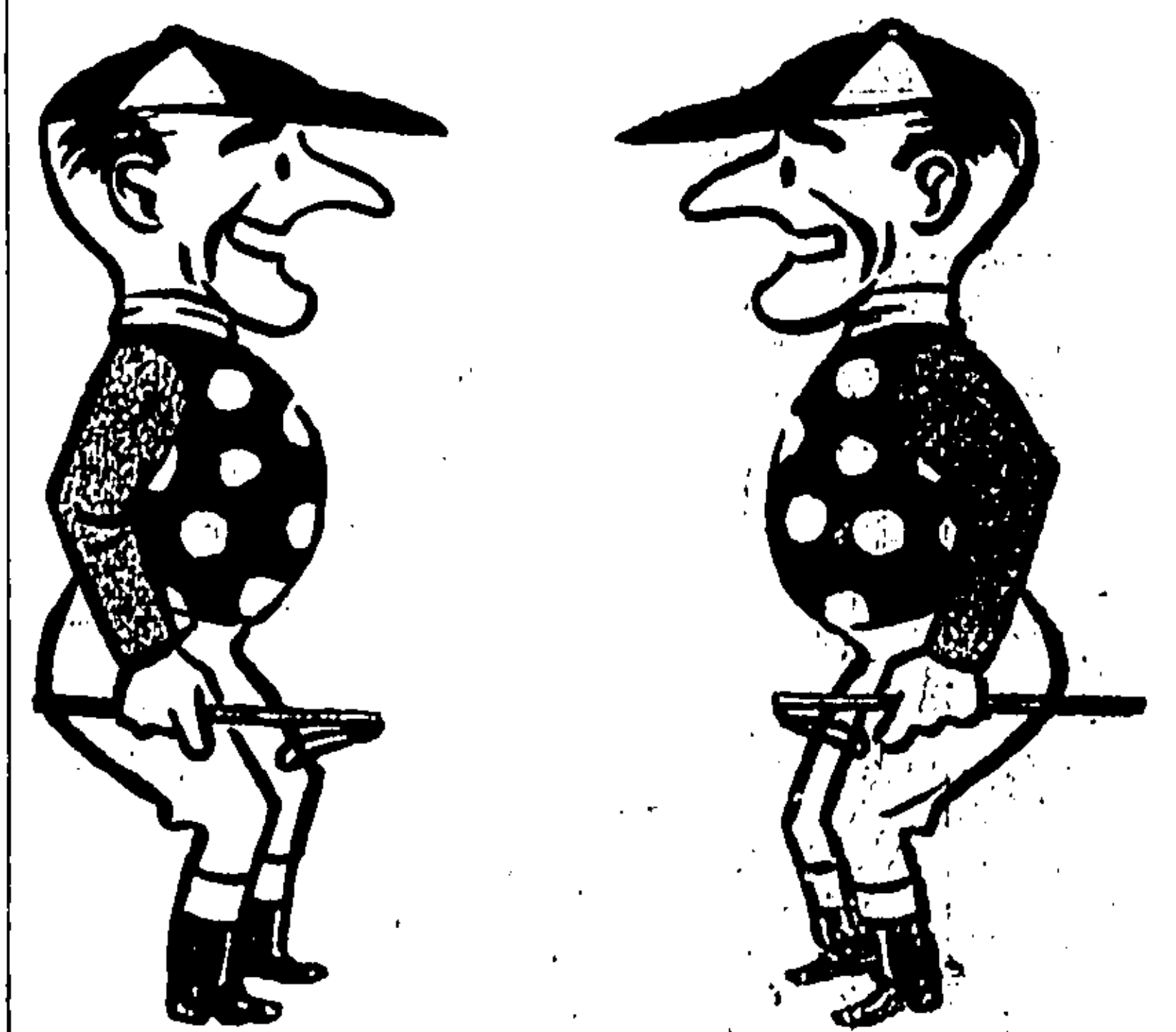
Sole Agents: Swiss & Macdonald Ltd.

GOLDEN CHURN

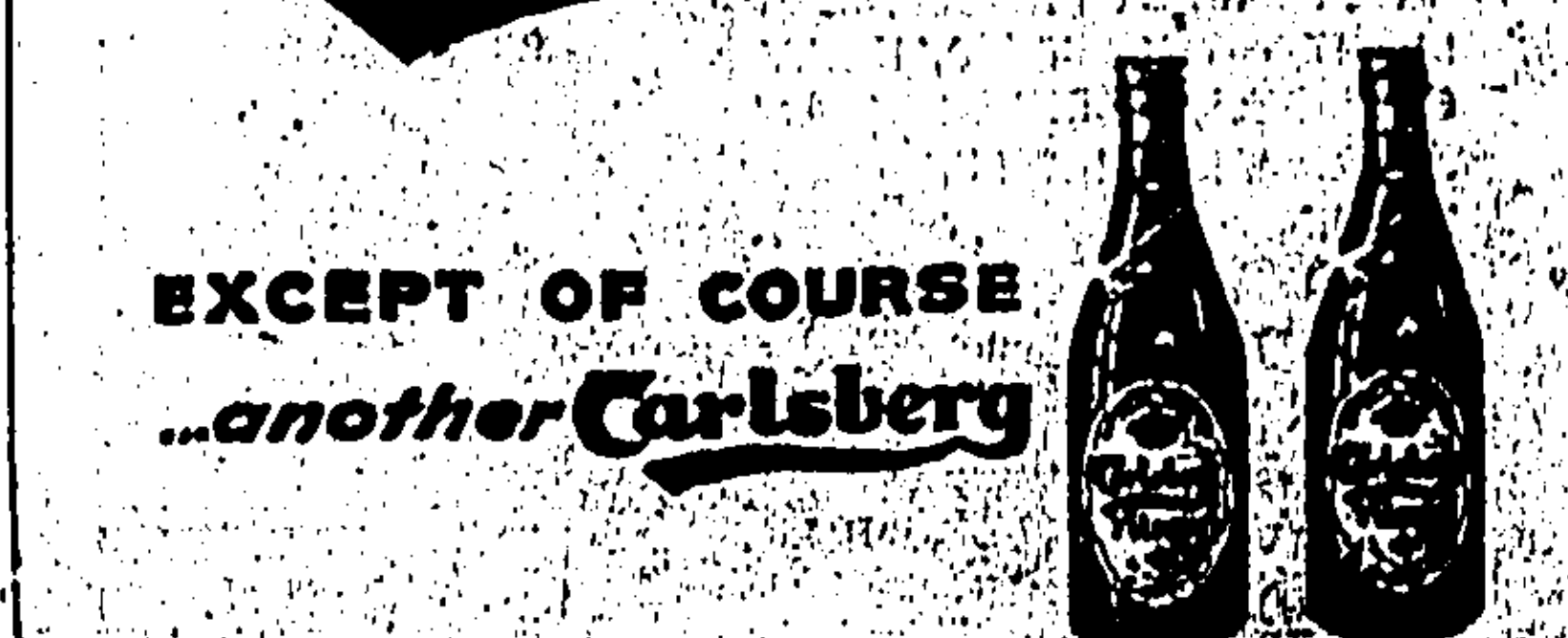


...better butter

SWISS & MACDONALD LTD.



but there's nothing like a Carlsberg



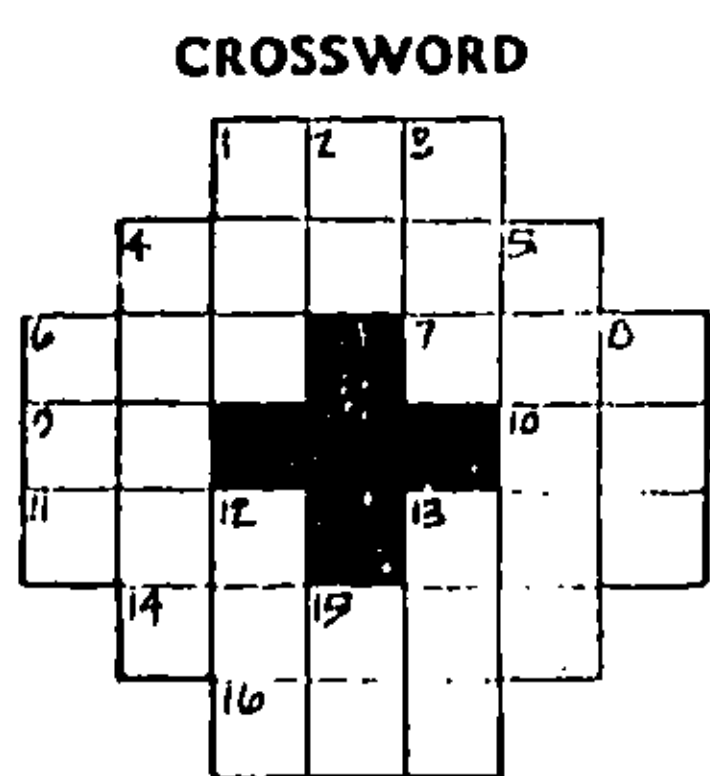
EXCEPT OF COURSE ...another Carlsberg

NOW taste the Difference

Sole Agents: THE EAST ASIATIC CO., LTD.

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER



- CROSSWORD**
- 1 Period
2 Doctrine
3 Exist
4 Snore
5 Father
6 Jumbled type
7 Editors (ab.)
8 Seine
9 Diner
10 Church seat
11 Scottish river
12 Preposition
13 Number after nine
14 Barter
15 Small candle
16 Monkey
17 Deep hole
18 Tree fluid
19 Novel
20 Total expenses (ab.)

SCRAMBLED ADDITION

Add a letter to a two-letter word for "father" and scramble for "father". Add another letter and scramble for "father". Repeat and have a surgical saw.

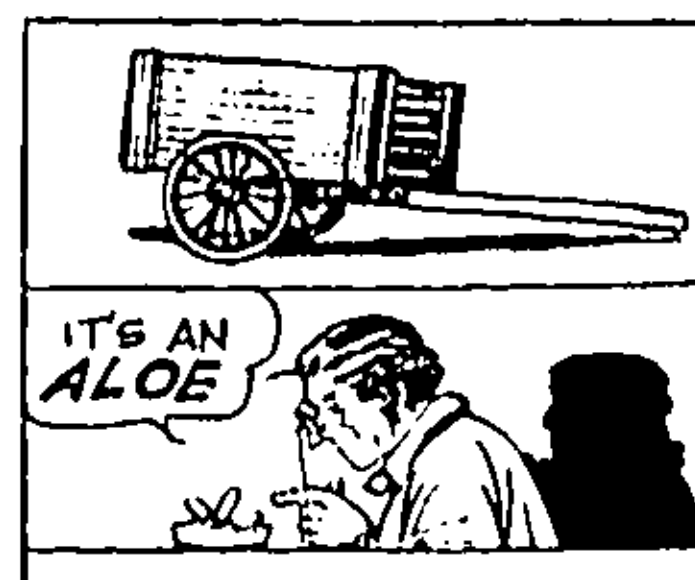
TRIANGLE

Here's a word triangle based on a horse's CANTER. The second word is "father", third "a male person", fourth "a market", and fifth to analyse a sentence. Finish the triangle from the clues:

C
A
N
T
E
R

PICTURE WORD SQUARE

Substitute a four-letter word for each picture and you'll find they read the same down as across when you list them in order.



MATCH 'EM

The Puzzleman has mixed up his pairs of words. Can you match them correctly?

- | | |
|-------|-----------|
| CLOCK | --- CAR |
| CAP | --- PAW |
| WAGON | --- TALON |
| TAXI | --- ORGAN |
| FOOT | --- CAPE |
| CLAW | --- HAT |
| PIANO | --- DRAY |

(Solutions on Page 20)

Olympic Stamp From West Germany

THE Olympic Games are always a worthy occasion for something new in stamps. As the day draws nearer for the Games to open in Melbourne next month, various countries are rushing out novelties in commemorative stamp design.

I like particularly the stamp of West Germany, reproduced here. It is printed in dark green with the Olympic symbol—five rings representing the five continents—interwoven in white.

The face value of the stamp is 10 pfennigs. The figure 1 is made up of what is sometimes called a Greek-key pattern. The figure 0 is made to represent the stadium, running track and the central arena.

The Greek-key symbols are interesting because they reflect the origin of the Games in ancient Greece. Legend says that a torch was lit from the rays of the sun and carried by relays of runners to the stadium, where it burned for the Games' duration.

The torch still plays its part today. Runners carry it from the lighting ceremony in Greece over the first stages of the journey to where the athletes meet.

A SHORT STORY ABOUT How 'It Rained Cats And Dogs'

DID you ever hear someone say, "It rained cats and dogs?"

Once upon a time, up on one of those puffy white clouds, the Dog Maker had his workshop. (Cats were made on a different cloud.)

One afternoon he began work on a little brown dog. He reached into a drawer and brought out a cute little puppy head with eyes like sweet brown chocolates.

"Now a shiny black nose..." and he grinned as he opened another drawer. (Think how funny a drawer filled with noses would look.)

Next he fitted a little muf-shaped body to the head, and then four sturdy legs and feet. "You are going to be a cute one," he said to the small dog fast taking shape in his quick fingers.

Then he yawned and the next thing you knew, he was dozing in his chair, leaving the little unfinished dog on the work table.

Little Dog wasted no time. He should never have fooled around with the "Tail" drawer, for even the Dog Maker has trouble with it. The little short tails start quivering... but it's the big long tails that give the trouble.

The Dog Maker opens it just wide enough to reach in and come out fast, with the tail he needs. But if he forgets and gives the drawer a yank... y!... y!... y! The long plummy tails swish and swish like mad.



The little short tails go thump, thump against the wooden sides of the drawer. Everything is knocked better-shelter. Then the Dog Maker has to stop work and do some housecleaning.

He's tried to hold those tails with rubber bands, paper clips, sticky tape, even bobby pins, but nothing will hold them down, thump, thump or else stick fast and pull out a lot of good tail hair!

Little Dog wanted to try on lots of tails, but they wouldn't hold still. He held several down with his paws, he gripped one cross-wise in his teeth, he even sat on one. But then he had no paws left for trying them on. Soon there were tails all over the place!

Giving up he looked into the drawer with "Barks" in it. The barks look something like buttons with anywhere from one to four little holes in the middle.

He chose four different barks and slipped them into his mouth all at once. They piled one on top of the other down in his throat and made him cough. WOW! Little Dog whistled and giggled and barked and bugged all at once until he sounded like the newest thing in air raid sirens.

The Dog Maker jumped straight up from his chair, not knowing what to expect.

All the excitement brought up the four barks like four little coughs.

"Heavenly pastepots!" cried the Dog Maker. "What are you up to?" Then as he glanced around, he muttered, "Look at the tails all over the place, and all of them crazy as celsi!"

But he couldn't be very cross with Little Dog. As such a new little dog, he loved the little rascal. So slowly, and with much grunting, he began to pick up the many tails.

and finally had them all back in the drawer.

All but one, which he fastened to the end of Little Dog. "There!" he said. "Now you really are a sassy little guy. Most of those tails would be too much for you. This one—this is just your kind. It will wag often, if you can call it a wag, and everyone will say, 'My, what a friendly little dog!'"

"Now for your bark..." for you, a little three hoer. One for the bark, one for the growl, and one for the woof. Draw in your breath and try them."

Little Dog tried each one three times until he had them perfect. Then he tried his woof and his tail wag together until he had that perfect also.

There came a day when it was just right for "raining cats and dogs." The Dog Maker started him off, along with some more he had made.

"Don't be scared if you jump into some cats," he told Little Dog. "For the Cat Maker will be starting them off too. Nothing will hurt you. Nothing. Well, here you go! So long!"

The trip to earth didn't take very long for Little Dog was busy trying not to get homesick, trying to be a good dog.

Next thing he knew someone was holding him against a striped shirt and saying, "Oh, you cute pup! Look, Nancy, isn't he sharp?"

Then Nancy reached for him and hugged him close to her and Little Dog liked it.

"Let's take him into the house and show him to the family," she cried.

"Dad! Mother!" called David as the two headed for the house with Little Dog. And then as the door closed behind them, "Look what we have!"

—RUTH ECKMAN

The Adventure Of Fourteen-year-old Manjiro Nakahama

HOW would you like to be the first boy of your race to land in a foreign country?

That is what happened to Manjiro Nakahama, a 14-year-old Japanese boy, over one hundred years ago, when he landed in America.

Nakahama and two of his friends were deep sea fishing, out from their homeland in the northern Pacific.

A terrible storm came up. At last they were washed ashore on a distant island, their boat wrecked.

Here the three boys suffered many days, from the heat by day and the cold by night, and no food. From a piece of their sail, they raised a distress signal. Many days later a United States naval vessel saw their signal and rescued the trio.

This ship had to continue its course according to orders. It stopped at Hawaii, where two of the boys decided to stay until they could make their way back to their home land, Japan.

But not Nakahama, he was curious to see America. He begged the commander to take him there. He would work for his passage. The commander and the crew talked the matter over, and agreed to let this boy have his wish come true.

Because he was polite, intelligent and ambitious, these sailors of Uncle Sam's navy became very much attached to him. Among them, they raised a fund that made it possible for Nakahama to attend a school in New England, and receive a good education.

Of course the first thing he did was to write home to his anxious parents. His letters were glowing with accounts of his adventure and his new friends.

At that time America was not trading with Japan. Commodore Perry was chosen by the government to go to that country and negotiate for opening commercial trade.

Now Commodore Perry could not speak the Japanese language. He would need an interpreter to accompany him.

The commander of that naval vessel that rescued these Japanese boys spoke up. He recommended a smart young man, a native of Japan.

When Commodore Perry sailed across the Pacific in 1852 on that important business between the United States and Japan, his interpreter was Manjiro Nakahama, the first Japanese boy to land in America.



—GENEVIEVE BRUNSON

Sounds At Midnight

—Mrs. Cuckoo Told Everybody All About Them—

By MAX TRELL

AT twelve o'clock every night, when everyone else in the house was fast asleep, Mrs. Cuckoo, who lived in Cuckoo Cottage, in the cuckoo clock, opened her front door and called out the time.

But she always did more than that. She would step outside her door, spread her wings and come flying down to the floor.

Visiting Hour

It was her visiting hour. She would spend the rest of the night visiting with General Tin, the Tin Soldier, who never went to sleep, Mr. Punch and his wife, Judy, who hardly ever went to sleep, and Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, who seldom went to sleep, and Knarl and Hanid, the shadow children with the turned-about names, who often felt like going asleep but never did when Mrs. Cuckoo came calling.

"You have no idea," Mrs. Cuckoo said one evening after all her friends had sat themselves down in a circle around her, "how many things stay awake in a house after everyone is asleep. They sit and they sing, these things do, and sometimes they complain. And yet they never really disturb anyone."

Having heard this from Mrs. Cuckoo everyone now demanded to know what things she had in mind.

Under The Table

"Well," said Mrs. Cuckoo, making herself comfortable under the table, "I decided a night or two ago to take a little trip around the house. So at twelve o'clock I opened my door and stretched my wings and finally went flying off."

"I decided to fly up to the attic and take a look around, then fly down to the cellar and take another look around."

"It was really quite late. Through the window I could see the moon beginning to sink behind the hills. There weren't any sounds at all from outside except the whisper of the wind as it blew through the leaves in the garden. Then I started flying."

"Thirsty for a drink, Mrs. Cuckoo? A drink of water?" asked Mr. Punch.

Mrs. Cuckoo shook her head. "Not of water, but of oil. They were thirsty for a drink of oil. And when I reached the attic I heard the shutters banging and the windows rattling. They were playing with the wind."

"And downstairs in the cellar," Mrs. Cuckoo went on, "I heard the mice scampering, the cat purring and the spiders clicking their needles as they spun their webs. And when I got back to the playground again, what did I hear but the pleasant sound of 'all'."

"What sound was that?" everyone in the room wanted to know.

"It was the sound of 'all' the moon," said Mrs. Cuckoo, saying goodnight to the stars and good-morning to the sun.



Through the window, Mrs. Cuckoo looked at the moon.

—and hopping, too, if you please —up the stairs.

Sound Of Creaking

"Hardly had I hopped halfway up when I heard the sound of creaking. First there was one creak, then another, then a third. Suddenly I realised that it was the steps that were creaking."

"Look here, Mrs. Cuckoo," creaked one of the steps in the middle, "this is no time for you to be hopping up and down on us. Isn't it enough that we are stepped on and jumped on all day long?"

"To answer. But suddenly all the steps started chuckling in a creaky-crunchy way. So I knew that they really weren't angry at all."

Here Hanid interrupted to say: "Those steps were only stretching themselves, Mrs. Cuckoo. That's why they creaked."

"Perfectly correct," my dear," said Mrs. Cuckoo. "The boards in the floor stretch themselves, too. If you listen very carefully at night you often hear them."

Teddy asked: "Who else was awake?"

Thirty Hinges

"As I was passing the door that leads into the attic I heard the sound of squeaking. It was the hinges on the door. They were squeaking because they were thirsty."

"Thirsty for a drink, Mrs. Cuckoo? A drink of water?" asked Mr. Punch.

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YOU CAN MAKE THESE HANDY BOOKENDS

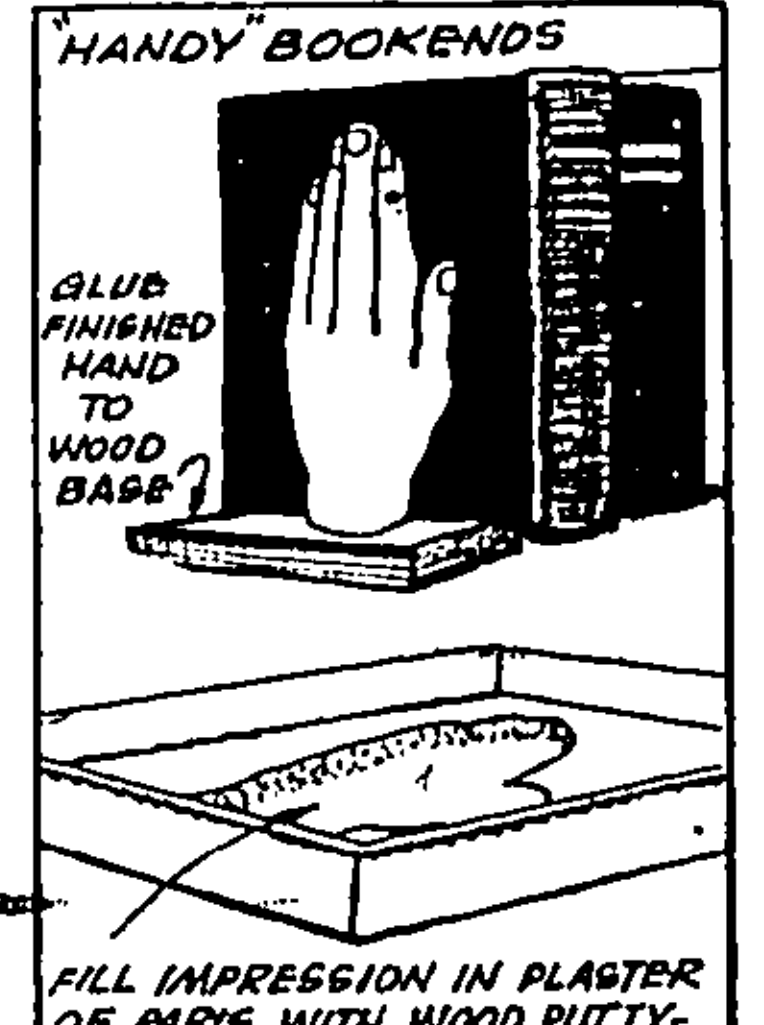
IF you'd like to hand yourself a pair of the neatest looking bookends that could possibly adorn anybody's desk, make them for yourself, using your own hands as models.

The materials you'll need cost practically nothing: 1—A cake tin; 2—A jar of petroleum jelly; 3—Plaster of paris; 4—A tube of wood putty.

Mix a portion of your plaster until it's about as thick as rich cream. Pour it into your cake tin, to a depth of three inches.

Next, grease your left hand with petroleum jelly. Set it half way in the plaster, with all your fingers pressed together. Rest a bit of your wrist in the plaster as well.

Sit down comfortably while you do this, because your mould isn't to be usable unless your hand remains motionless until the plaster sets. This should take approximately 10 minutes.



Now lift your hand away, and once you're sure the mould is firm, grease its entire surface, from one edge of the cake pan to the other, with additional jelly. Make sure that you get

into all the small grooves of the hand impression also.

Mix another batch of plaster. Grease the other side of your hand, then place it right back into the mould. It just made. Pour the plaster over it, covering your hand completely. Allow this to harden.

Then separate the two moulds at the seams. (The jelly will make this easy to accomplish, although if help is needed, you can pry very gently with a dull knife, and release your hand.)

To create hand-replicas from your moulds, place them both upon a table, impression side up.

Cease with vaseline. Fill completely with wood putty. Scrape the tops as smooth as the surrounding side areas. Allow to harden.

Then turn your moulds out and join them together with ordinary glue. Sandpaper the wrist portion flat, so that the finished hand can stand upright on it.

Any block of wood will make a base for your hand. Simply stand it upright, glue firmly, and make sure that the palm is flush with one side of the wood. Place this against your books, and it will look exactly as though your own hand were holding them.

Finish each hand by sanding it, after filling in all rough nicks, seams and such with additional wood putty. Shellac, or paint in any colour you desire.

A paper weight can be made to match, of course, from the same mould. Omit the base. You can also make bookends for your friends from their hand impressions. These will be attractive gifts. And once you're adept at this simple hobby, it can even help you earn some easy spare-time cash.

ECLIPSE

He asked the natives of Jamaica to give him and his men food but they refused. Not only that, but they said they would kill all of them if they stayed on the island.

It was then that Columbus remembered his study of stars, which had taught him that there would be an eclipse of the moon the next night.

He told the natives that if they did not provide for him the moon would be blacked out the following night.

The natives did not believe, of course, that such a thing could happen.

But when the moon did begin to darken they were terrified, and brought food and other supplies as fast as they could. They thought that Columbus was a god if he could darken the moon.

Some people say that of course Columbus knew he had



have enough food to last until they got back.

They believed that the earth was round, but they did not think there was any land on the other side and so they feared they would all die.

And it is false to say that Columbus was the first man to reach the new world by sailing west. The Vikings reached the shores of America hundreds of years before Columbus was born.

Some people say that of course Columbus knew he had

landed on a new world, but they did not think there was any land on the other side and so they feared they would all die.

And it is false to say that Columbus was the first man to reach the new world by sailing west. The Vikings reached the shores of America hundreds of years before Columbus was born.

Some people say that of course Columbus knew he had

4000000 WHO

THE FIREFLY PRODUCES A LIGHT WITHOUT ANY HEAT OR LOSS OF ENERGY, AN ACCOMPLISHMENT THAT MAN HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO ACHIEVE...



THE POPULAR NOTION THAT CREATURES BURGEON BUT MUST BE MISLEADING, FOR CARE COME TO THE SURFACE FULL OBSERVATION INDICATES THAT EVERY ONE TO TWO MOST SPECIES ARE, AS BIRDS GO, MINUTES TO PILL ITS ABOVE THE AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE, LUNGS WITH AIR...

Another false story is the one about the sailors being so afraid because they thought the earth was flat and they would fall off—that they mutilated and tried to force Columbus to return home.

Well, the part about the sailors being afraid was true. They WERE ready to mutiny. But the reasons for their fear have been presented falsely in many books.

Historians say the chief cause of their fear was that they thought they would be so far from home that they would not

